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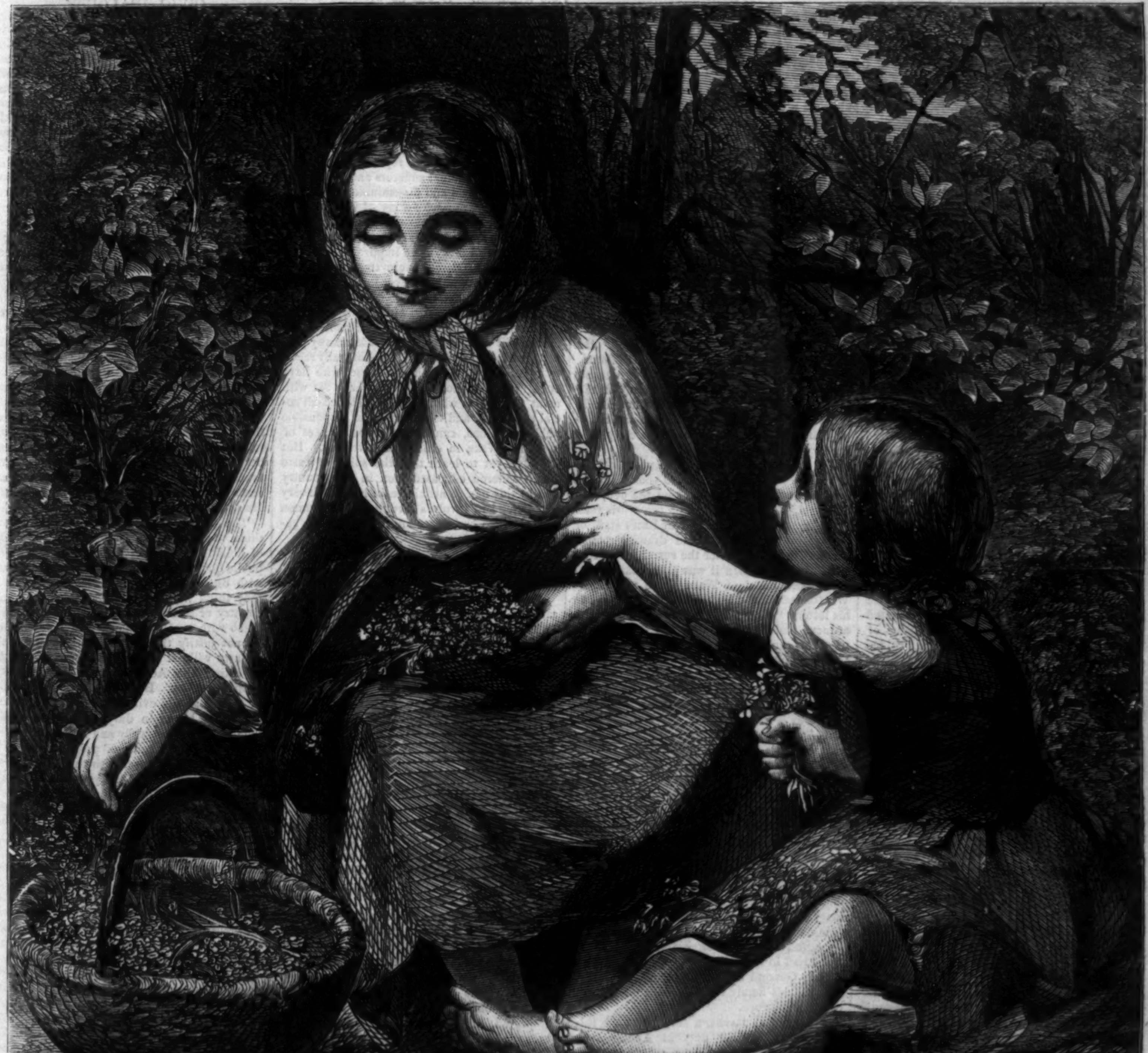
WHITEFIELD PREACHING IN MOORFIELDS.

The illustration on page 572 is copied from a painting by Mr. Crowe, a young English artist, who has now taken a distinguished place as a historical painter. No better explanation can be given of the situation chosen by the artist than the following quotation from Philips's "Life and Times of Whitefield:" "The merry-andrew—attended by others, who complained that they had taken many pounds less that day on account of my preaching—got up upon a man's shoulders; and, advancing, attempted to slash me with a long, heavy whip several times, but always, with the violence of his motion, tumbled down. They got a recruiting-sergeant with his drum to pass through the congregation....Others, having got a large pole for their standard, advanced from the opposite side with steady and formidable steps; but just as they approached us they quarreled among themselves, threw down their staff, and went their way....My pockets were full of notes from persons brought under concern. Boys and girls who were fond of sitting round me while I preached handed me these people's notes, though often pelted with eggs, dirt, etc., and they never once gave way."

The picture so closely illustrates this passage that to offer further merely descriptive remarks would be entirely supererogatory. All the incidents of the quotation are given, or suggested as likely to follow, together with some others which the reader can not fail to observe for himself. We may add, however, that Whitefield says that the scene described in the quotation occurred on a Whit-Monday. "For many years, from one end of Moorfields to the other, booths of all kinds had been erected for mountebanks, players, puppet-shows, and such like." At such a resort for amusement the concourse on the most popular holiday of the year would, of course, be enormous. Whitefield estimates that there could not have been less than twenty or thirty thousand people present. Three times did he preach to them during the day; the incidents of the picture occurring during his third sermon in the evening. It will be remembered that the Moorfields district was often the scene of the missionary labors of Whitefield's contemporary revivalist Wesley, that similar persecution from the mob attended his preaching, and that still more permanent and wide-spread results have followed his ministry. These two remarkable men began their apostolic labors in concert, but disagreed on doctrinal points, Whitefield adopting Calvinism and Wesley Arminianism. Moorfields, where Whitefield preached, is now far within the limits of London. But though Moorfields is changed the power of Whitefield's bold and almost inspired utterances still remains and works among men. Whitefield and Wesley commenced the work—



"IN THE WOODS."—[From a Painting by W. F. C. Dobson.]

but the end is beyond human contemplation in its grandeur and extent. The Episcopal Church of England owes its purity from the corruptions which befouled it in their day very much to their influence and that of their disciples. It was demonstrated once and forever by these men that the gospel belongs to the poor and the weak and the lowly as well as to the rich and the intellectual. They taught that Christianity might exist apart from the formularies of churchmen, and without the prestige of Apostolic descent. They did in their time for the Church what Luther did in his: they protested against mechanical faith, which manifests itself in elaborate devices and masks and hypocrisies, and appealed from the letter, which killeth, to the Spirit, which maketh alive. Like the reformers of Luther's time, also, they were persecuted and reviled, until their work assumed its true proportions and relations in the eyes of men, when they commanded the most profound respect even of the learned and the aristocratic.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 9, 1865.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

HOW shall we vote in the autumn elections? Every honest man will ask himself this question, and he will answer it by determining to which party, in so important a national crisis as this, political power ought to be intrusted. For although no issue is as yet distinctly made, a very grave issue soon will be, that of reorganization—and he must look to the antecedents and composition of parties to infer what their probable action will be.

The Union party comprises the great body of enlightened American citizens who have always faithfully striven for greater justice, for universal liberty regulated by law, and for freedom of speech and the press every where in the country. They have unfalteringly asserted the rights of the whole people against privilege and aristocracy in every form, and have claimed fair play for all men, rich or poor, foreigner or native, whatever their complexion and condition, and to that end have been constantly zealous for popular education and every method of enlightenment. They hold that the Constitution is not a compact between sovereign governments, but is a fundamental national law established by the people of the United States; and that the Union is not a confederacy but a nation. They believe that this National Government is supreme, that the States are properly subordinated to it, and that State rights are purely local and secondary. Therefore they have been steadily faithful in the great and successful struggle. They have never tampered with rebellion. They have never justified treason nor excused traitors; and in the death-grapple with rebellion they have wisely used every power of the Government, conscious that all extraordinary powers were exercised by magistrates under the immediate supervision of the people, and whose acts merely recorded the popular will, as the election of 1864 triumphantly proved.

This is the faith, and these are the men who compose the great Union party. Have they forfeited the confidence of the country?

On the other hand, the Democratic party is composed of those who have always excused the most appalling crime against human nature, and the most fatal treason to the American principle of equal rights, under the pretense of State rights; who persistently connived at the extension and perpetuity of that injustice which has soaked the land in blood and necessitated the debt. They have been the assailants of free speech and a free press, and have justified the murder and maltreatment of citizens who claimed to exercise those rights in the Southern States. Their influence has been adverse to general education and wise progress and reform; and their predominance has been and is always most marked among the most debased part of the population, and in the least intelligent portions of the country. Even now their Conventions, vaguely as in Maine, distinctly and openly as in Ohio, reaffirm the principles of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98, which are and always have been pleaded by the rebels as their justification, as they were by South Carolina for nullification in 1833, and which will always afford an ambush for treason until they are utterly and expressly overthrown: or, as in Pennsylvania, their Conventions deliberately declare that the practical recognition of the truths of the Declaration of Independence is a high crime against the Constitution of the United States. They are those from whose ranks came the chiefs of the rebellion; who denounced the people of the loyal States as really responsible for the war; who incessantly thwarted the Government in its efforts to subdue it; who incited riots and directed mobs; for whose success at the polls the rebel chiefs and editors openly prayed in the midst of the war; who solicited through a foreign Minister foreign interference in our contest; who a year ago, in their National Convention, declared the soldiers conquered and the war a failure, and who sneered at President Lincoln as helplessly weak, or denounced him as a murderer, tyrant, and harlequin.

These are they who compose the Democratic party. They are now busily engaged in praising the soldiers, whom last year they slandered, and in celebrating the re-establishment of the Union. They are even engaged in the pleasing process of eating the Chicago platform. But what has this party, in whose Ohio Convention Vallandigham was a chief orator, in whose Pennsylvania Convention Judge Black was an applauded teacher, who said, as Buchanan's Attorney-General, that the war would legalize secession and dissolve the Union—what has this party done to be intrusted with power by the American people who condemned it so overwhelmingly last November? We speak of a party, not of individuals. We do not forget with what absolute sacrifice, with what blood and money, many Democrats stood by the country. But neither do we forget that as a party the Democrats voted against emancipation, and that in the States which they controlled the amendment was defeated. We do not forget that if the Democratic party had retained power in 1860 they would have compromised the honor of the country without permanently avoiding the war; and we remember, nor will the American people soon forget, that in 1864 they solemnly proposed acquiescence in national disgrace and ruin.

These are the two parties who now solicit our votes. Let every man who loves a Union unobscured by "the resolutions of '98," who loves his country and believes that equal rights for all men before the law are essential to her permanent peace and prosperity, ask himself which of these parties ought to have his vote.

THE PRISON-PEN AT ANDERSONVILLE.

The new correspondent of the London *Times* in this country lately wrote that there was too much reason to believe the revolting stories of the Andersonville tortures. Thereupon Colonel Freemantle, an English officer who served for some time in the rebel army, and afterward published a book upon the war, wrote that he had heard and seen nothing of the kind, and did not believe the story. The innocence of the Colonel is like that of Miss Murray, the Queen's companion, and other ladies who traveled in the Southern States in the good old days when people were driven out of those States and lynched and ridden on rails for doubting the unmingled divinity of slavery. The good ladies were passed softly along from parlor to parlor, and were carefully prevented from seeing the hopeless misery which Mrs. Kemble, the mistress of a plantation, describes, and saw only the high-bred smile of contempt at the idea of suffering among "the people," or "the servants." Colonel Freemantle did not see prisoners starving and literally rotting. He did not hear, in the select society of Richmond, that captive Yankees were tortured by design. The "chivalric Southern gentlemen" at the head-quarters of General Lee did not allude to the noisome pen at Andersonville and Salisbury and Millen. Of course, therefore, the stories were vile Yankee lies.

The innocent Colonel Freemantle and the rest of the world in Europe will soon read the letter of Henry Wirz, who kept the pen, and who probably knows more of the truth than young gentlemen upon General Lee's staff, or young women in Richmond drawing-rooms. On the 7th of May, after the surrender of Lee and Johnston, when it was plain that the rebellion was hopeless, Wirz wrote to General Wilson, commanding at Macon. He says in his letter: "The duties I had to perform were arduous and unpleasant. I am satisfied that no man can or will unjustly blame me for things that happened here, and which were beyond my power to control. *I do not think I ought to be held responsible for the shortness of rations; for the overcrowded state of the prison, which was in itself a prolific source of the fearful mortality; for the inadequate supplies of clothing, want of shelter, etc., etc.*"

This is the fullest confession by the keeper of the Andersonville pen of all the horrors that were ever charged against it. He owns that the prisoners were starved; that they were naked and shelterless; that they were so closely packed as to die at a fearful rate; and he adds "et cetera, et cetera!" He states it naturally as gently as possible, and this is his statement. The sickening details, with which we are all familiar, are not more appalling than this summary. Wirz concludes by saying that his life is in danger from those who suffered, and who wrongfully hold him responsible, who was only "the tool in the hands of my superiors;" and he asks General Wilson for a guard to preserve him and his family from violence until he can escape to Europe.

Dr. John C. Bates, a surgeon in the rebel service, detailed for duty at Andersonville, "was rather shocked," upon entering the hospital, to find the sick prisoners "lying, partially naked, dirty, and lousy, in the sand: others were crowded together in small tents, the latter unserviceable at the best." The patients "would gather round me and ask for a bone. Of clothing we had none. The living were supplied with the clothing of those who died. There was a prolific crop of vermin and lice. ......I found the men, as a general thing, naked, sick, and diseased. Their disposition was only to get something to eat." Dr. Bates was not well chosen for the service. Humanity was not utterly extinguished in his heart. He reported the actual condition of the hospital. "Being a novice, for some of the things I said I received a written reprimand." In his charge there was a boy of fifteen or sixteen years of age. He had the scurvy and gangrene. He begged the Doctor to bring him a potato or a biscuit. The Doctor smuggled them to him in his pocket. But the boy became more and more emaciated: his sores gangrened, and he died from lice and for want of food. "The effluvia from the hospital was very offensive," testifies the Doctor. The sick prisoners were confined "like ants and bees." "I feel safe in saying seventy-five per cent. of those who died might have been saved had they been properly cared for."

Meanwhile "Colonel Freemantle of the Guards" airily writes that the stories of ill-treatment are all gammon and slander.

Wirz was first indicted for complicity with Robert Edmund Lee and James A. Seddon in a conspiracy to destroy the prisoners. Then the names of Lee and Seddon were dropped. It was alleged that General Grant requested that they should be omitted. But we are inclined to believe that it was done because if Wirz were convicted there could be no excuse for suffering Lee and Seddon to escape.

Undoubtedly it could not be proved that Davis or Lee gave direct orders that Union prisoners should be starved to death. But they knew that in the Andersonville pen there were thirty thousand of them collected, and that there was a universal rumor of their horrible treatment. It was no wretched detail with which they could not encumber themselves. It was a case in which a general rumor created a sacred duty of inquiry and remedy. Did Robert E. Lee ever make that inquiry? Did he ever suggest that it should be made? If in the interior of Minnesota Mr. Stanton had ordered a stockade to be built for inclosing rebel prisoners; if they had been confined there by scores of thousands; if the rebel States had been thrilled by stories of the tortures inflicted and ample reports based upon the testimony of actual sufferers and spectators had been published and disseminated, and half of the country rang with a cry of indignation, and if, under these circumstances neither President Lincoln, nor Secretary Stanton, nor General Grant had deigned to inquire, and all the while the frightful tales were true, then those three officers would be forever justly execrated by all honorable and humane men.

This is the precise case with Davis, Seddon, and Lee. No sophistry can acquit them of the moral guilt of the crimes against humanity perpetrated in those prisons. We naturally recoil from believing that men like these, who have been accounted honorable, who have sat with us at table, with whom we have shared all social amenities, and who have filled responsible public positions, can be truly accomplices of men like Wirz in crimes so revolting. But we have yet to learn that the spirit of caste which suffered educated men in this country and in this age to acquiesce in human slavery and defend it, involves a contempt for human nature which barbarizes and degrades men beyond belief.

MILITARY OCCUPATION.

Although it will be a long time before the military force of the United States can be altogether removed from the unorganized States, yet it is very essential that its presence there should be subordinated to the civil power as fast as a truly loyal civil power is established. The precedent would seem to be the relation which exists between the two authorities in the territories of the United States. There is always military force enough there to second the civil arm in maintaining order, which, in a normal state of affairs, is properly the military function.

In the present condition of the unorganized States, however, when there is no authority of any kind but that of the United States, and when the Provisional Governors are appointed not to govern the State, but to take steps to prove whether the State is sufficiently pacified safely to undertake its own government, the case is different. The military Governor is the chief officer charged with public order, and he governs by military authority. If the former practice and present prejudice of the State lead to palpable injustice, it is his duty to apply a summary remedy.

Thus courts have been instituted in which the testimony of colored witnesses is taken and respected. And wherever a plain offense is brought to the notice of an upright and generous military officer he will, under military rules, undoubtedly correct it, and in the speediest way. Military processes are direct and effective. To military force the law's delay is unknown.

And from this very fact springs an obvious danger. The swiftness of military justice is fascinating—but the law's delay in the long-run better secures justice. Military rule is despotic rule. It is often inevitable and necessary. It is better than anarchy. It is a rising step from anarchy to tranquil order. But the effort should constantly be to dispense with it, and to prevent the development of a taste for it. Thus, while in the unorganized States it is impossible immediately to establish a civil order, it is very important that the military authority should be reasonably and steadily, not whimsically, enforced. Then all experiments for a safe return to the normal condition should be honestly tried, as they are now to be tried. If, for instance, the citizens who have been in insurrection against the government of the whole people, show by the spirit of their deliberations and by the character of the laws they propose, that the people can, with a proper regard for the security of the whole, permit them to resume their local Government, the military rule can be rapidly relaxed. If, on the other hand, they plainly show that they can not be safely trusted, the military rule will be continued. The essential point is not State rights but National rights: not State sovereignty but National sovereignty: not a local authority but the security of the government of the people.

It is not the fault of the loyal people of the country if a prolongation of the military presence in the unorganized States becomes necessary. They proffer the opportunity of a truly loyal and honorable reorganization. If the inhabitants to whom the offer is made decline, those inhabitants are responsible. It will then be for the country to determine whether it will still maintain a military system, with its palpable peril and expense, or whether it will establish civil order upon the basis of the whole free population.

CIVIC JEALOUSY.

The city of Boston is quite as orderly, patriotic, intelligent, and moral as any city of the same size in the country. The State of Massachusetts, also, in the average of individual comfort, intelligence, and good conduct does not compare unfavorably with its sister States. The inhabitants of Massachusetts and the citizens of Boston, so far as we know, have not forfeited the common rights of the American people. But no sooner do they assemble in open public meeting, and after thoughtful consultation express their views upon public affairs, than a cry is raised elsewhere as if such a brazen-faced faction of incendiary disorganizers were hitherto unheard of in history.

That the opinions of American citizens are valuable according to the part of the country in which they live is a rather foolish assumption. But if it is to be made, and adopted as a principle of the public estimate of the weight of counsel, Massachusetts and New England will probably not shrink from the test. If that part of the country which has furnished the deepest and most truly American influences in the development of national character is to be most carefully heeded, the claims of New England will probably not yield to those of any part of the country. Intellectual and moral force are tolerably sure influences. We do not remember that Florida or South Carolina were ever taunted with an overbearing morality, or accused of moulding the mind of the country. Dwarfs are not accused of supercilious height.

The people of New England, and among them the citizens of Boston, take the liberty of holding and expressing their opinions upon public questions. They do so temperately and with dignity. They address themselves, if they think fit, to their fellow-citizens of the country or to the Chief Magistrate; and they do so with perfect respect. If their opinions do not justify themselves to the country the country will not agree with them. If they fail to satisfy the Administration they will not shape its policy. But that any citizen, or city, or section should evince impatience of another for doing his plain duty is supremely silly. The President naturally and necessarily wishes to know the tendency of public opinion; he wishes to take counsel with the people whose laws he executes. If the people of Iowa and of the Northwest, or those of Maryland and the Middle States, of Georgia and the Southern States, of Massachusetts and the New England States are wise, they will honestly express the views they honestly hold.

As for comparative values, as we said, that is a matter not to be decided by any thing but intrinsic weight. The city of New York is a large and imposing seat of trade. But its voice in great public questions is not very decisive. No other city would have been insulted by such a person as Fernando Wood with a proposition to secede. In February, 1861, the city of New York would undoubtedly have voted for the Montgomery Constitution by a large majority. In 1864 it voted against the overwhelming verdict of the American people. The truth is, that the city of New York is too full of the most ignorant foreigners to be a representative American community. The great ideas that lead American civilization neither spring from the city of New York, nor are they favored there. Suppose the men whom the city sends to the State Legislature and to Congress, or the people whom the city elects to the mayoralty and Common Council, should permanently control the Governments of the State and country! Our history would end in utter shame and disgrace.

By all means let New York express its opinion with the rest. It is the right of its citizens. But let us all carefully remember that size is not greatness; and that we are a metropolis, as the most populous, not as the most truly American city.

A DEFUNCT INSTITUTION.

Thank God, the Evening Exchange is a thing of the past! That pestilent institution, which was the source of so much gambling, beguiled so many men from their homes to spend their nights in dealing in gold and stocks, unsettled so many minds, and led directly to so many defalcations, frauds, failures, forgeries, and other rascalities, is numbered among the dead. The Stock Exchange has unanimously agreed to suspend any member who attends the Evening Exchange, or gives orders to be executed there, and by very large majorities a like resolution has been adopted by the open Board of Brokers and by the Gold Room.

The Evening Exchange was a natural outgrowth of the war and of the paper-money era. The day was not long enough for speculators who saw $100,000 realized in a single afternoon by a lucky operator. Avarice stretched its skinny fingers far forward into the night. Nor could operators spend quiet evenings with their families at home when the telegraph was hourly bearing tidings of events which boded ruin or fortune. Many a time during the last four years the most important news of the day was received after six in the evening, when offices were closed, and Wall Street was as quiet and dull as Persepolis. Such news might cause a fall or a rise of ten per cent. in gold, and a scarcely less violent fluctuation in stocks. It was natural that the thousand speculators in both should desire to act at once, and not wait for further developments on the morrow. Some months since, before the surrender of Richmond, an attempt was made to put down the Evening Exchange. It met with no response among the very men who have now almost unanimously placed the institution under the ban. So long as the telegraph was altering values at every hour of the day and night, speculation sat up with it and refused to be put to bed.

But now that we are returning to normal conditions of existence, the evils of an Evening Exchange are revealed in their obvious deformity, and the argument of necessity no longer applies. It is notorious that the existence of this establishment suggested speculation to many who would never otherwise have fallen in its way, and that speculation in its turn suggested defalcation, robbery, forgery, and fraud. Merchants, clerks, bank men, lawyers, and others, who were too busy in the day to watch the course of gold and stocks, found the Evening Exchange an agreeable place in which to spend an evening hour, were easily led, partly by avarice, partly by love of excitement, to "take a flyer," and became gamblers, with the usual disastrous results, almost unconsciously. Men who began by visiting the Evening Exchange for an hour once a week soon became regular *habitués*, and never spent an evening elsewhere. The brokers, of course, were compelled to follow their customers. Two hundred of them were sentenced to attend the Evening Exchange regularly, under penalty of loss of business. Yet these men had wives and daughters, who were doomed by this decree either to spend long dull evenings alone, or to seek in society a solace which involved danger to their happiness and their honor. The living motto of the institution was: There is nothing in this world better than cash and superior to dollars; happiness, honor, family fame, comfort, and life itself, are well sacrificed if cash can be got and dollars secured.

There is an Evening Exchange in Paris, one in Vienna, one in Berlin. At Frankfort there is not only an Evening Exchange, but a Sunday Bourse, where operators in Five-Twenties meet, while their children are at mass, and gamble on the course of gold in New York. In this city stock speculators never disturbed the quiet of the evening until 1862. In the excited times of 1857 energetic operators for the fall used to hang around the corner of William Street and Exchange Place in the late afternoons until most of the brokers had gone home, and would then make fictitious quotations for the purpose of influencing the market on the following morning. But they never gambled after dinner. In 1862, when the issue of paper-money began to tell on current values, a similar class of operators, driven by darkness from William Street, used to repair to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. For a time the landlord tolerated them, in view of the large number of cocktails they consumed. But they soon became a nuisance, and received notice to quit. A room was then hired on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street; this, after a time, was exchanged for a room lower down in Fifth Avenue; and this, again, gave way to a long, wide, and low room on the upper story of a building on the east side of Broadway, two doors below Twenty-third Street. This, finally, was vacated a few months since, and the Evening Exchange was transferred to a grand building erected expressly for it in Twenty-fourth Street, by two brothers named Gallagher. This establishment was perfect of its kind. There were cushioned seats, let at $250 each per annum, for brokers; there was a gallery, and outside rows of seats for speculators and spectators. The ceiling was lofty, the atmosphere not intolerable. In the basement were billiard-tables; and Rumor whispered that a faro-table, cozy card-rooms, and other still more objectionable modern improvements were accessible within a block—if not nearer. Such was the Evening Exchange at the time when public opinion crushed it out in a day.

But its glories, as they shall be told by the historian of our follies and our sorrows, will cling to the long, low, stifling room in Broadway, below Madison Square. It was here that the Evening Exchange won its name, and coerced the unwilling editors of the daily press to publish its reports, or fail in their duty as newspapers. It was here that the giants of 1863 showed a gaping crowd how to make and how to lose fortunes. It was here that the wily Erie director spread his toils, and swept the money of the street into his capacious pocket. It was here that a street broker sold two millions of gold, with a smiling face, in fifteen seconds of time. It was here that **Ketchum** whittled his soft pine stick, and dallied with millions, losing and making fortunes with as serene a face as if he had been playing cats cradles with his baby. To this room thousands of people came every night. You might rely upon meeting there every body who was any body in Wall Street. It was a fearful place. The heat, in the depth of winter, with windows wide open, was suffocating. Every body smoked. The ceiling was very low, and, through an oversight of the proprietors, applicants for admission were not questioned as to their use of the bath. To an untrained ear the din was deafening. Shouts of bidders for gold mingled with shouts of dealers in stocks, and through both you caught at intervals the shrill scream of telegraph boys bearing messages for brokers. On active nights every one was earnest, anxious, excited, and ill-tempered; quarrels were frequent, and from more than one nose "the ruby was drawn." On dull nights songs were sung with more spirit than musical accuracy; hats were knocked off and kicked round the room with the energy which is characteristic of idle school-boys and brokers without orders. Few who visited the place will be likely to forget it.

Again, let us thank God that this shameful sight is witnessed no more, and that this pitfall for the weak and the unwary is at last filled up and covered over. As there is no business in the country more useful and necessary than traffic in securities which represent public credit or corporate enterprise; and as there are no class of men as a whole more honorable, more strictly honest, and more large-hearted than the regular brokers of Wall Street; it is well that they and their business—which command the respect of all who understand the importance of financial credit—should be severed once and forever from the men who spend their lives in trying to make a living by mere gambling in stocks and gold, and from traffic which is undertaken with no other motive than to make a profit upon the fluctuations of the market. It is well that every facility should be given for the sale and exchange of all kinds of legitimate securities; but when these facilities are so stretched as to hold out almost irresistible temptations to weak and greedy men to gamble in stocks in the hope of making a rapid fortune, it is time that society should take up arms in its own defense.

THE HOUSATONIC SLAUGHTER.

The verdict of the jury in the case of the sad slaughter upon the Housatonic Railroad is of great public importance. Railroad travel in this country has become so sure a risk of life that, if some legal steps are not taken for the public safety, the passengers will sooner or later revenge themselves upon those who may prove not to be the responsible agents.

On the 15th of August the morning passenger train from Bridgeport went up the road. Near Trumbull church—a distance of several miles—it overtook a disabled freight train. It was impossible to proceed, and the two trains were backed toward Bridgeport. Fifteen minutes after the passenger train left Bridgeport a new locomotive was sent up the road upon a trial trip. No signals were shown—no messages were sent—and a frightful collision and massacre were the necessary result. If the rules of the road required signaling under such circumstances, as of course they should have done, then those who did not follow the rules were directly responsible for the slaughter. If the rules did not require signaling, those who made them were as plainly responsible.

The jury found that the regulations of the road provided for such an emergency, and that for disregarding them **Charles Hunt**, President and Superintendent of the Company, who was on the train, **Henry L. Plumb**, Conductor, **Andrew Winslow**, master-mechanic, who gave the order to run the new locomotive up the road, and **Edward R. Lyman**, the engineer, were responsible; and that the slaughtered passengers came to their deaths by "the culpable negligence and want of proper care and caution" upon the part of those agents.

It is a verdict which the public conscience will approve: and the same conscience will demand that the accused be put upon trial for their offenses. In Connecticut the coroner's jury merely inquire into the cause of the death. The verdict is recorded in the Superior Court, and the District-Attorney decides whether the offenders shall be prosecuted. If ever a case demanded prosecution it is the one under consideration. It seems to us to have been a needless slaughter. To correct such enormities the indignation of newspapers is of no avail. The companies should be forced to pay damages which will imperil their dividends, and the plainly and immediately culpable agents should be imprisoned.

HOW TO PAY OUR DEBT TO THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

One of the national debts, that due to our financial creditors, is very constantly remembered, and the fertile Yankee brain is busy in suggesting methods of facilitating its payment and lessening its burden. But the other, a debt of honor and gratitude, and therefore none the less binding upon a generous and noble people, is in great danger of being forgotten. We mean the debt of proper care for the soldiers and sailors who have served honorably in the war, and who have saved the country by the offer of their lives.

One of the most shameful passages in our history was the treatment of the soldiers of the Revolution at the close of the war. The details forcibly narrated by Mr. G. W. **Green**, in his late valuable volume upon the Revolution, are such as to make every honest American blush. The veterans were suffered to fall into the greatest neglect. They were reluctantly paid or not paid at all, and apparently there was no public sense of duty toward those who had earned the most thoughtful care.

In other countries there are great institutions, supported at vast public expense, as a home for retired soldiers and sailors. But not only does the number of our veterans at this time forbid any expectation of such foundations, but the national honor prevents us from willingly regarding American volunteers as paupers.

Yet a war suddenly ending as ours has ended necessarily leaves thousands of men who can not resume their old occupations, and who remain idle and inevitably become criminals or paupers if some large measures of relief are not provided. It is at once, therefore, the public interest as well as duty to guard against the existence of a vast floating population demoralized by enforced idleness. And it is every man's business to do what he can, even at some sacrifice, to help in the work.

With this view the Protective War-claim Association of the Sanitary Commission has been established. General **Scott** is President. **Robert B. Minturn** is Treasurer. Senator **Morgan**, **J. W. Beekman**, Dr. **Bellows**, **John Jacob Astor**, **James Brown**, **W. H. Aspinwall**, **W. E. Dodge**, Jun., **Howard Potter**, **Theodore Roosevelt**, **James Gallatin**, **Peter Cooper**, **George Bancroft**, **Daniel Lord**, **W. G. Hunt**, **R. L. Stuart**, and **Alfred Pell** are Directors; and of these, three gentlemen whose names are identified with the most assiduous and faithful work during the war—**Howard Potter**, **W. E. Dodge**, Jun., and **Theodore Roosevelt**—are the Executive Committee.

It has opened a Bureau or Intelligence-office at No. 35 Chambers Street in the City of New York. Its services are given gratuitously to employers and employed, and it keeps a register of the applicants in all the various trades and occupations, and all the applicants are honorably discharged disabled soldiers and sailors.

These are men to whom we are all under peculiar and incalculable obligations. Our personal knowledge, so far as it goes, assures us that they are steady and faithful. They are men somewhat disabled, but hating the bread of idleness and longing to work. The Bureau has recommendations of character in many instances besides the certificate of honorable discharge. We make, therefore, no appeal to charity, but to a sense of honorable duty, of which every generous American is conscious. If any man wishes a hand for any employment let him first apply at this Bureau. Let him give the veterans—who are not old men—the first chance. They have done every thing for us. Let us, in the name of the Liberty and Union which they have maintained, do something for them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SOUTH.

The State of Mississippi takes the lead in the work of self-reconstruction. On the 22d of August the Convention convened by the call of Governor Sharkey passed an ordinance repealing the ordinance of secession. The laws passed by the rebel Legislature, except in so far as they conflicted with the United States Constitution, were reaffirmed and declared valid. On the 24th Governor Sharkey transmitted to the Convention a telegraphic dispatch received by him from President Johnson, congratulating the Convention on the progress made by it in paving the way for the readmission of Mississippi into the Union, and declaring the President's resolution to re-establish the *habeas corpus*, and to withdraw the soldiers from the State as soon as the evident loyalty of the State would permit—also his hope that other States might rapidly follow the example set by Mississippi. The same day the Convention adjourned, having nominated Judge E. S. Fisher for Governor in the forthcoming election, and approved of a memorial to President Johnson petitioning him to grant pardon to Jeff Davis.

MORE RAILWAY MURDERS.

On the 22d of August an excursion train returning from a picnic on the Old Colony Railroad came into collision with a hand-car, and the engine, tender, baggage, smoking, and four passenger cars were precipitated down an embankment. Owing to the interposition of Providence, notwithstanding the carelessness of the railroad employés, no one was killed.

Two days after the above accident a collision occurred on the Oil Creek Railroad, near Titusville, Pennsylvania. Nine persons were killed, and from ten to fifteen wounded.

This was followed up by another wholesale slaughter in Tennessee, on the Tennessee and Alabama Railroad. Here the loss of life is estimated to be nearly forty, while the wounded number from fifty to sixty.

August 27, the Raleigh train ran off the track near Petersburg, killing two men.

On the 28th of August a disaster occurred on the Long Island Railroad, which was occasioned by the most criminal carelessness. It appears to be the rule on this road for conductors to be out of time. On the morning of the 28th the mail train going eastward left Winfield for Jamaica 35 minutes behind time, at 9.20 A.M. An express train going westward started from Jamaica for Winfield, according to the conductor's statement, at 9.35 A.M. This latter train had been out two minutes when it came into collision with the mail train from Winfield, causing the death of five persons, and wounding twenty or thirty more. The disaster was caused, evidently, by the carelessness of the conductor of the mail train, who was perfectly conscious that he was notably behind time, and who knew that the express train would start from Jamaica at 10.34. He had therefore only 14 minutes to make the way from Winfield to Jamaica. His watch was a minute behind: but even by that he had been 16 minutes out when the collision occurred. Knowing that he was out of time he should have sent a flag ahead to warn the opposite train, as the rules of the Company prescribe. But he gave no such warning. Of course President Charlick is mainly responsible for the murder, by his negligence and habitual irregularity in the starting of trains.

WRECK OF THE "BROTHER JONATHAN."

The steamer *Brother Jonathan* struck a sunken rock off St. George's Point, near New Orleans, at 1.30 P.M., July 31. Intelligence of the disaster reached this city August 26. The wreck was complete. All on board were lost except seventeen passengers. Brigadier-General Wright and family were among those missing, though it is reported that when last seen the General had a life-preserver in his hands. He should not be confounded with Major-General H. G. Wright.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Dr. Russell's diary of the events connected with the unsuccessful voyage of the *Great Eastern* is now published. Most of the events which he narrates were already in the possession of all newspaper readers. But he makes some important statements which are new. It has been stated that on the 24th of July, when the first fault was discovered, the exact locality of the fault was detected by the electricians on board the *Great Eastern*. The fact is that these electricians only guessed, and guessed very badly at that—maintaining that the fault was from 42 to 60 miles distant from the *Great Eastern*, while it was only about 11 miles off.

After this all went on well for some time, and the insulation of the cable seemed to be improved in the deep water. A little after noon on the 29th there was a total loss of insulation, at a distance of over 600 miles from Valentia. This fault was also remedied, and there was again clear sailing. Upon examining the faulty cable it was suspected that the injury done to it was the work of some malicious person. The gentlemen on board the ship formed a corps of supervisors, who undertook to watch in the tank turn about, and the men employed gave their acquiescence.

On the 2d of August, when 1186 miles had been payed out, a third fault was discovered, the ship being in nearly 2000 fathoms of water. What followed Dr. Russell thus describes:

"The picking up was, as usual, exceedingly tedious, and one hour and forty-six minutes elapsed before one mile was got on board; then one of the engine's eccentric gear got out of order, so that a man had to stand by with a hand-spike, aided by a wedge of wood and an elastic band, to aid the wretched engine. Next the supply of steam failed, and when the steam was got up it was found that there was not water enough in the boiler, and so the picking up ceased altogether. Then occurred the great misfortune. Lunch was just over. Some had left the table, others were about leaving. The scientific gentlemen had rather cheered us by starting a hypothesis, or rather stating a prediction: they believed the fault was only six miles away, and so ere dead nightfall we might hope to have the fault on board, make a new splice, and proceed on our way to Heart's Content, geographically about 600 miles away. Suddenly Mr. Canning appeared in the saloon, and, in a manner which told all, said, 'It is all over—it is gone,' then hastened onward to his cabin. Mr. Field, ere the thrill of surprise and pain occasioned by those words had passed away, came from the companion into the saloon, and said, with composure admirable under the circumstances, though his lips quivered and his cheek was blanched, 'The cable has parted and has gone overboard.' All were on deck in a moment, and there indeed a glance revealed the truth."

Then followed the desperate operation of grappling for the lost cable, with what results is already well known.

ARREST OF KETCHUM.

The defaulter, Edward B. Ketchum, was arrested at No. 223 West Twentieth Street, in this city. He was stopping at a house occupied by two maiden ladies. He had assumed the name of R. Lowry, and passed himself off as a Cincinnati merchant. He was not very careful about keeping close, and was recognized by some one acquainted with him, and information being given he was arrested, and has been committed to the Tombs to await examination.

DEATH OF GOVERNOR BROUGH.

After a long and severe illness, caused by gangrene in the foot, Governor John Brough, of Ohio, expired on the 29th of August, at Cleveland. Governor Brough was the most eloquent speaker in Ohio. His record during the war has been one signalized by honor and patriotism. His administration would have terminated this fall.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE CHOLERA.

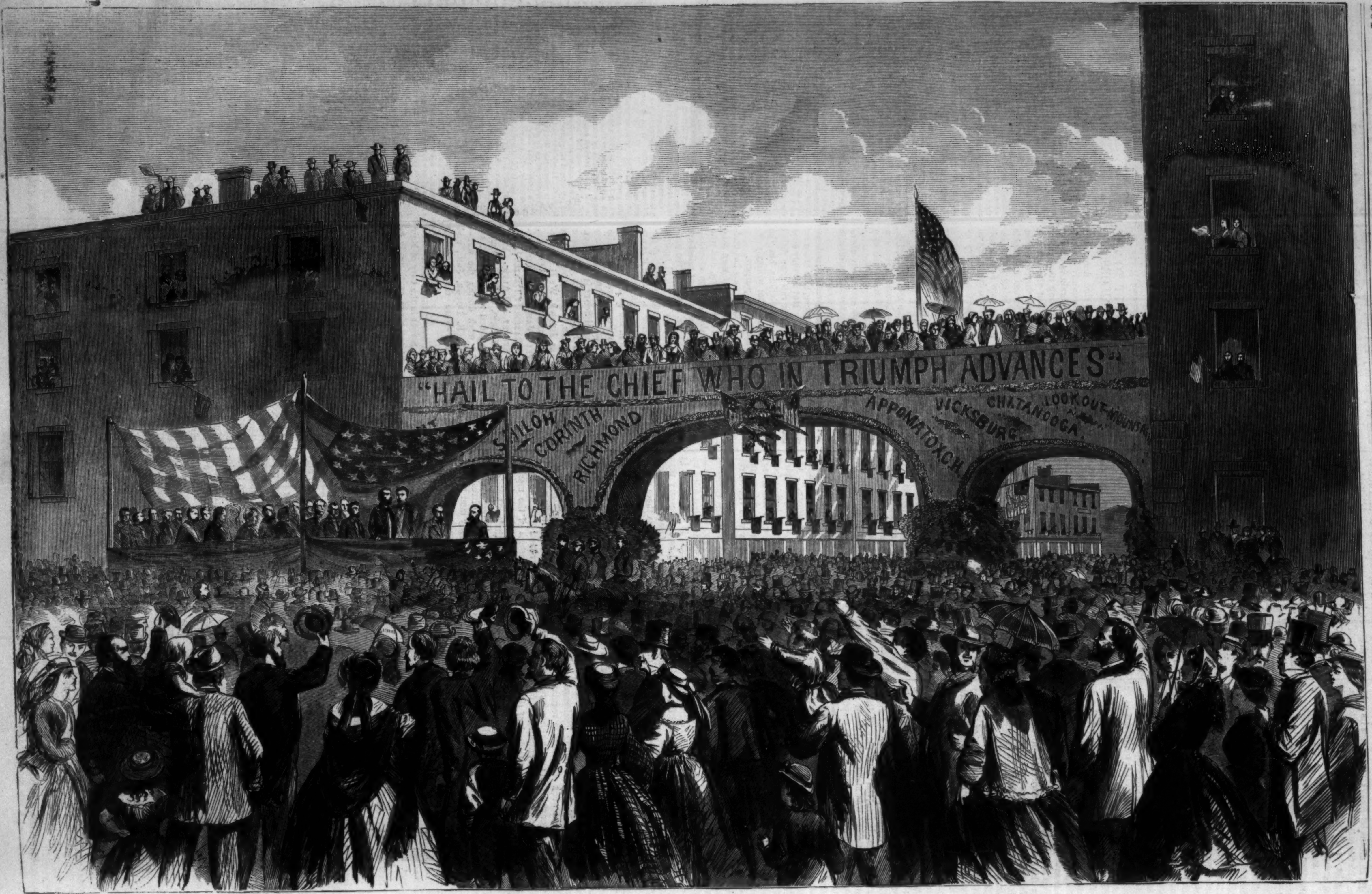
The cholera at Constantinople has been steadily increasing. Many villages on the Bosphorus have been deserted. Every steamer carries away large numbers from Constantinople. On July 31 the cases of attack numbered 800 daily, and the mortality was from 30 to 50 per cent. It is still confined to the lower classes. At Malta, August 4, the cholera showed no signs of abatement. It continues to prevail at Ancona. At the latter place 98 cases were reported for one day, of which 62 proved fatal.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

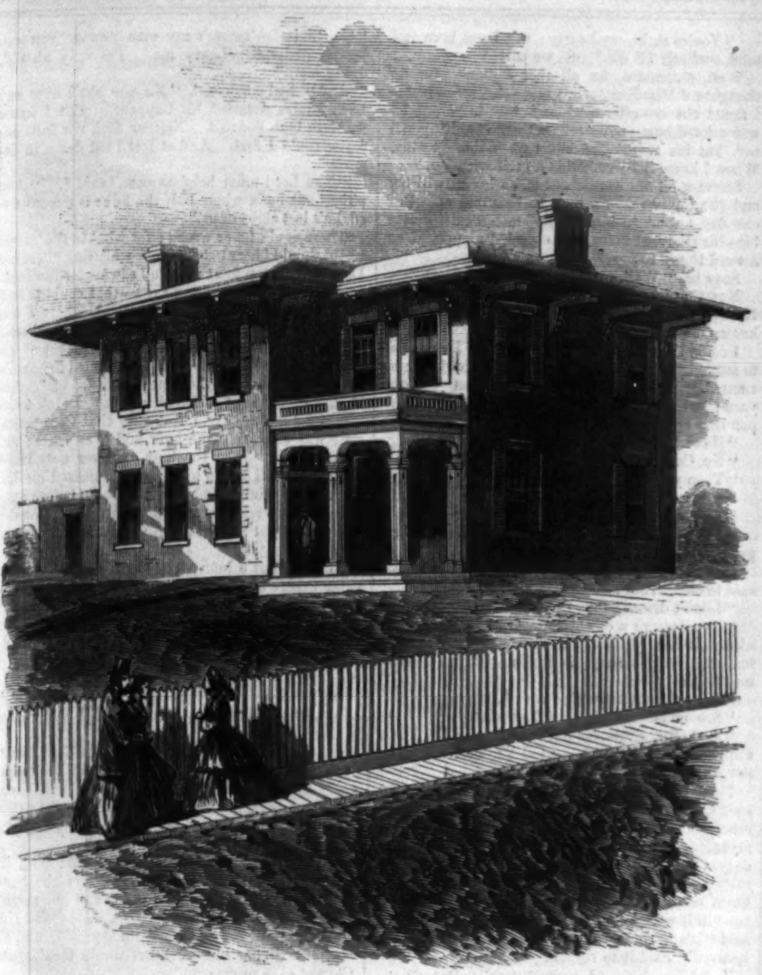
The *Great Eastern* arrived at Crookhaven August 17. The Atlantic cable prospects were considered hopeful, and it was thought that an attempt would be made to recover the cable.

Prince Alfred is the presumptive heir to the throne of Saxe-Coburg. He attained his majority on the 6th of August, a formal declaration of which was made to him in Ehrenberg Castle.

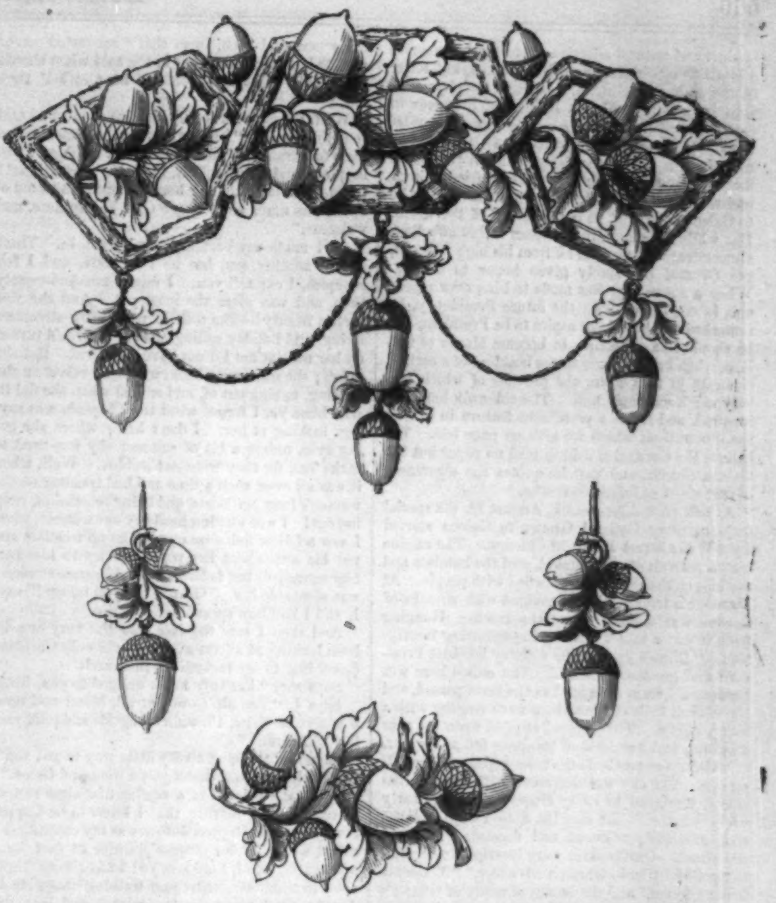
The English Channel fleet, consisting of about a dozen vessels, including iron-clads and wooden frigates, arrived off Cherbourg August 14. On the 7th the French fleet left Toulon for Brest.


"HAIL TO THE CHIEF WHO IN TRIUMPH ADVANCES"
SHILOH
CORINTH
RICHMOND
APPOMATOX C.H.
VICKSBURG
CHATANOOGA
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT'S RECEPTION AT GALENA, ILLINOIS, August 18, 1865.—Sketched by Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 565.]



HOUSE PRESENTED TO GENERAL GRANT BY THE CITIZENS OF GALENA, ILLINOIS.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY LAMBERSON & JAMES, GALENA.]

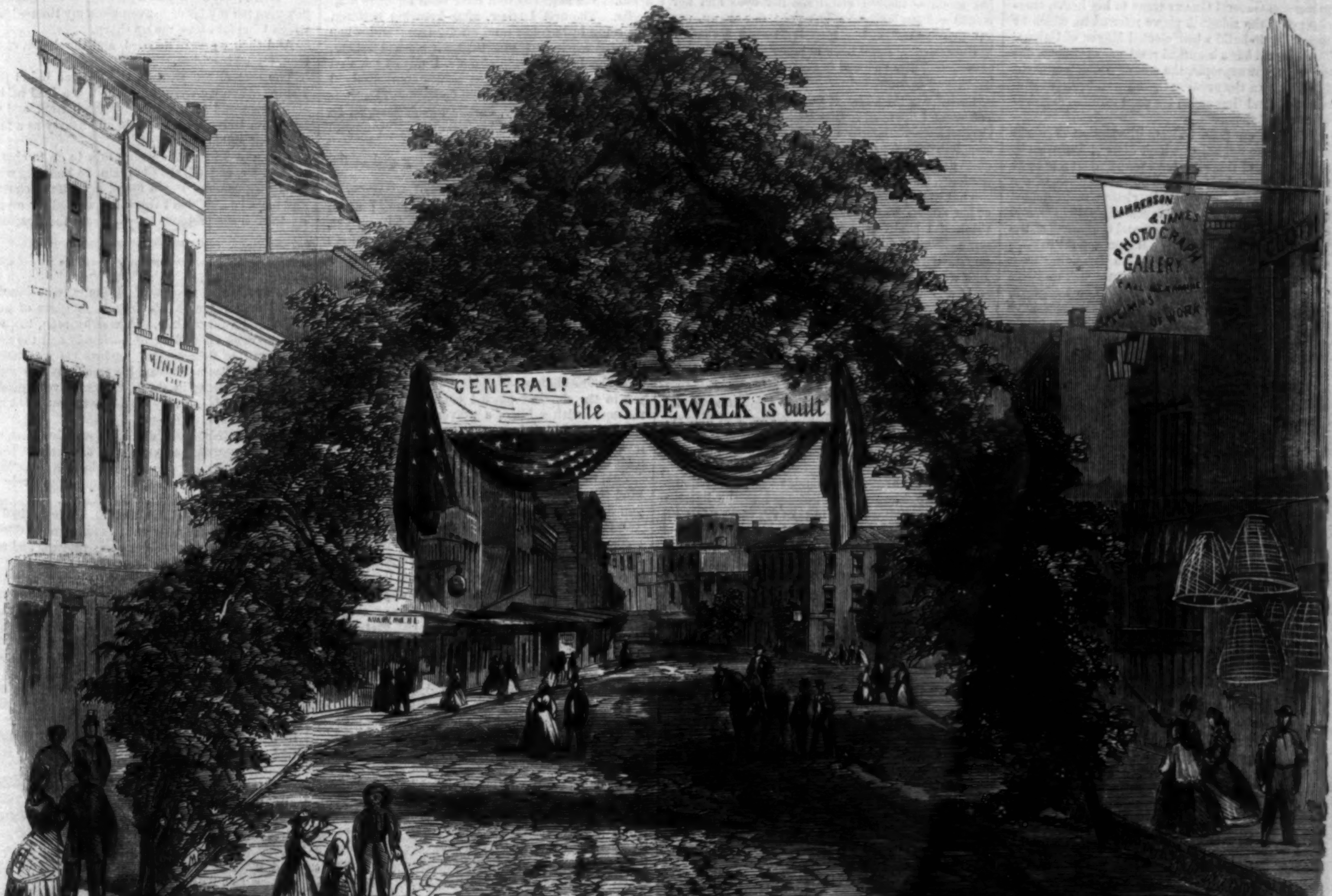


ORNAMENTS PRESENTED TO MRS. GENERAL GRANT BY MESSRS. BROWNE & SPAULDING, JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS, NEW YORK.

GENERAL GRANT AT GALENA.

USUALLY a great man wins his honors slowly, and is moving about in the mean time among those who do him honor. The case is different with a great general who has within the space of a few years, or a few months, it may be, achieved his immortality, and who returns home after a protracted absence in the field. The Scriptural passage is often quoted that "no man is without honor save in his own country, and among his own kindred." But the maxim is certainly inapplicable to the case of one who has first won his fame on the distant battlefield, whose first coronet has been placed upon his brow by those who were strangers to his youth, and who, already resplendent with this blaze of glory, returns to his home only to have the honors repeated which he has elsewhere received, and the praises reiterated which he has heard from stranger lips.

When Galena welcomes home the Lieutenant-General it is with a pride which has a peculiar element in addition to the pride with which the rest of the nation looks upon him—just as the emotion of the mother receiving to her arms her hero-son has something in it more intense than the emotion with which the world accords its worship. There is in this added sentiment an almost selfish feature—a desire to appropriate that which, if it could be appropriated, would lose its chief value. The grandest praise is that which is most nearly world-wide. The worship which the hero's wife or child or native village gives him passes through the mould of



VIEW OF THE SIDEWALK WHICH GENERAL GRANT DESIGNED BUILDING WHEN HE SHOULD BECOME MAYOR OF GALENA.—[PHOT. BY LAMBERSON & JAMES, GALENA.]

instinct and natural affection, and thereby becomes a lesser thing—more intense, it may be, but lower in the scale of feeling, and narrower. Hero-worship can not maintain its height and grandeur in connection with domestic or merely neighborly relations. Let a man be the greatest of heroes, and he must in this way suffer debasement in the hearts most nearly allied to his by personal friendship or natural association. General GRANT can never be to Galena just what he is to the rest of the world. But while Galena, in the violence of her affection, almost drags the General off from his high pedestal, the General has surely given honor to Galena. When a suggestion was made to him, over a year ago, in connection with the future Presidency, he remarked that he did not aspire to be President, but he should like some time to become Mayor of Galena, when he would see to the building of a certain sidewalk in that town, the absence of which had very much exercised him. The sidewalk has been repaired, and forms a prominent feature in one of the illustrations which we give on page 565. We believe the General is said to read no paper but the Galena *Gazette*, and that he quotes the utterances of that sheet as infallible truths.

At half past eight o'clock, August 18, the special train carrying General GRANT to Galena started from Wells Street Dépôt at Chicago. The engine bore a portrait of the General, and the hamlets and stations on the route were crowded with people. At Marengo a triumphal arch covered with wreaths of flowers was erected across the track. Hanging from it was a tablet bearing the following inscription: "Illinois gave to the country her best President and greatest General." The crowd here was immense. Guns were fired as the train passed, and the church bells of the village were ringing with a merry chime. The General stepped upon the rear platform, and hundreds of bouquets fell at his feet.

Galena was reached about the middle of the afternoon. The city was decorated with the national colors, displayed in every shape and from nearly every window. At the De Soto House a large arch, tastefully trimmed and decorated, spanned the street. On its sides were inscriptions, "Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances," "Welcome to our Citizen," and the names of many of GRANT'S battles. Farther down the street was another arch inscribed, "General, the sidewalk is built." The streets were crowded with citizens and visitors, prominent among whom were the soldiers. Galena has sent to the field hundreds of privates and five generals.

Hon. E. B. WASHBURN welcomed the General home in an appropriate speech, to which General GRANT replied as follows:

> "GENTLEMEN AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,—Rev. Mr. VINCENT, who has come out on the train from Chicago, has kindly consented to return my thanks for this hearty welcome which you have given me."

After Mr. VINCENT'S speech the Galena Glee Club sang and the Galena band played, and after a grand procession General GRANT went to his home, traveling over the sidewalk above referred to, which he was going to build when elected Mayor of Galena. The General has a beautiful residence at Galena, the gift of his townspeople, the cost of which was about $15,000. In the evening there was a brilliant illumination, and thus ended the most glorious day ever known at Galena.

We give on page 565 an illustration of a set of magnificent jewelry which Messrs. BROWNE & SPAULDING, of this city, have prepared for a present to Mrs. General GRANT. The frame-work of the comb is of fine gold, beautifully chased, and wrought in imitation of two oaken branches intertwined, and exhibiting distinctly the knots and roughness of the bark. Acorns, fourteen in number, and set in cups of gold exquisitely enameled, are depending from the two main stems; one of them attached by twigs and others suspended by chains. The leaf-work, setting, etc., are inimitable. The ear-rings have each a large acorn as a pendent, with two leaves and miniature acorns above. The brooch is after the same general style, containing four acorns upon a leafy twig, wrought like the ear-rings and comb. On the back are the words inscribed: "Mrs. General GRANT, from BROWNE & SPAULDING." The jewels are inclosed in a fine purple velvet case, lined with white velvet and satin. This bears the inscription, in letters of gold: "Presented to Mrs. General U. S. GRANT, by BROWNE & SPAULDING, 570 Broadway, N. Y." Also, beneath are these words: "The wood used in this set was cut from the apple-tree under which General GRANT'S officers met General LEE on the morning of the surrender, April 9th, 1865, Appomattox C. H., Va."

WHAT DICK BLAIZE FOUND AT CHURCH.

I'D been to church. I'm not a man to sail under false colors, and pretend I went reg'lar, for I didn't; but when a lad has been on a three-years' cruise, and through no end o' gales, and come home safe and sound at last, it's only right he should report himself at head-quarters. Some don't; but I had a good old mother once, and she taught me a great deal that I've forgotten now (more shame for me), besides some things I remember. So, feeling that the Lord's hand had been in my coming home alive, I went to where they say he comes oftenest, and that's to church.

It was a grand sort of place; but I had my 'long-shore togs on, and my new silver watch, and a collar as white as old sail—and in I walked, bold as brass. It was evening, about seven bells, and the glims were all alight. Chaplain, he was there in the wheel-house, and all the passengers aboard. I sailed up the straits, looking for a seat, but, Lord love ye! they all had state-rooms, with the doors shut, and though I said, once or twice, "Shove up, shipmate," nary lad of 'em budged an inch.

"Look-a-here, my man," says I to a fellow acting as convoy to a lot of ladies jest come in, "my opinion is you need a missionary. I've been among the benighted heathen, in parts where they're nigh as black as your coat, and though they eat each other now and then, them that's convarted never tries to keep the others out in the cold when there's a meetin'. Chaplain wouldn't hear on't if they did."

Well, the chap turned up his nose at me, and said something about "being under no obligation to find seats for strangers," and I set sail for the door, when he pints, and I looks, and, bless her pretty heart! there was a lady holding her door open, and kind o' bowin', as much as to say, "Cast anchor here, and welcome."

So I made my best bow, and went in. There warn't another soul but us two there, and I felt sheepish, I can tell you. I warn't two-and-twenty then, and was afore the mast yet. And she was such a beauty!—like a little yacht with streamers flying, and holiday sailing ahead. If she'd turned up her nose at me I'd not have wondered. But she didn't; she gave me a book, with blue velvet on the binding, to sing out of, and smiled when she did it. And bless ye, I forgot what the Chaplain was saying, looking at her. I don't know where she got her eyes, unless a bit of summer sky was used to make 'em, for they were jest as blue. Well, when it was all over, such a time as I had treading on the women's long petticoats, and being scowled at, coming out! I was making headway down street, when I saw a fellow half seas over make up to a lass and put his arm about her waist and try to kiss her. She screamed, but before she could scream twice I was alongside her. "Hands off, you lubber!" says I, and I laid him sprawling.

And then I saw the lass was the very one I'd been looking at all the evening—the only Christian (according to my reckoning) in church.

Says she, "I'm very much obliged to you, Sir."

Says I, "You ain't—not at all, Miss; and now, if you've far to go, I'll walk alongside and pilot you, if you'll permit."

Says she, "I have a very little way to go; that's father's house; but thank you a thousand times."

Well, she pointed to a reg'lar first-class sort of place, all white marble, that I knew to be Cappen Jersey's. And Cappen Jersey was my cappen. I'd sailed with him for years—'prentice at first, hand arterward. And, Lord love ye! I felt almost frightened to think of sitting and walking alongside *his* daughter. I made my best scrape and bow, and somehow stammered out about giving best respects to the Cappen, and the honor of having sarved her.

Then says she, "Papa must thank you himself." And there, true as the sea-sarpent, was Cappen Jersey at the parlor port-hole. She told him what had happened, and he said, "My man, you've done your duty," and made me come in and have a glass of wine. He called it wine, look ye, but I've my doubts of it, for it was sour as swipes, and fizzed like soda-water when the cork came out. I should have took it for spiled cider. However, cappens' wine isn't to be sneezed at by foremast hands, and I took it.

Well, I took myself home arter that, but I took her along o' me. I could see her eyes and her mouth and her hair—'twarn't gold, nor brown, nor yet flaxen—sort o' like moonlight with a shadow in it—as well as if I'd been in one o' them daguerreotype machines and had her picter took off on my heart, and at night I dreamed of her.

Look here, shipmate, if you'll keep dark I'll tell you what I dreamed: That I—Dick Blaize—*kissed* Cappen Jersey's daughter! I don't believe in a man stepping out of his place. Nobody under a first mate had a right to dream that, and I own up I was to blame.

That wasn't the worst—I vow it wasn't. I thought of her arter I was awake jest the same; and I did think if I could be cappen, and have her for my wife—Eva her name was: I'd heard the Cappen call her so—I'd not want to die, nor yet to go to heaven. Life would be so happy to me!

If any youngster reads this I want to tell him that's wrong, for the Chaplain told me so, and I'd do no harm (if I knew it) to any body. Good advice it's my duty to give; but all the same, when I spin a yarn I put the truth in it.

I did love that girl. There's no denying it. I didn't care to have any talk with other lasses. Poll and Sue had seemed pretty to me; but how red and coarse they were arter that!—frouzy and blowzy. She so trim, with white topsails and a rose just half open in her hair, and little hands with dimples in 'em.

I went to church next Sunday—not to sit alongside o' her, bless ye! I got up into the loft. I offered the pilot a dollar to take me there; but I'll say this for the lad, he was above bribes; and I looked down at her. Cappen Jersey was then snoring as if he'd been in his bunk, and most of the folks looked drowsy, but I never closed my eyes. There I sat aloft, thinking what I'd do if I was cappen and owner of a ship I named the *Eva* in my own mind; and, bless ye! afore I paid the reckoning to the lad with a plate (solid silver as my name is Jack!) I'd had the Chaplain marrying us. There's sarce for a foremast-man, my mess-mates. But you see Grandther Baldwin, mother's father, *was* cappen of a merchantman, and that's how I came by it.

Well, I went on loving and hoping, and we took another voyage, and yet another; and I got on and was promoted, and by-and-by I found myself second mate, and then she was not spliced yet. I was six-and-twenty, and had a little money put by, and thoughts of her had kept me from too much grog and company that might ha' done me harm; and says I, one day, "I'll have her yet before I go to Davy Jones's locker."

Off and on we'd met, and I'd bowed; and now I was, as you may say, an officer, I was bolder. I tried to improve; I read and practiced land talk, and I don't mind owning (as I've promised a true yarn) that I hired a Frenchman to teach me manners and parleyvooing. He couldn't do it. What he called the langwy Frenchy wouldn't be larnt, and as for manners that was wuss. So one day he says:

"Monsheer, you sall make von verra grand sail-air, but ze dance and ze langwy Frenchy you sall not know if you live so long as von hundred." Says I, "You're right, my hearty; salt I was born and bred, and salt I'll die." So we parted company.

Well, shipmates, for all that I didn't give up thoughts of Miss Eva Jersey, and being second mate I found chances after a while to talk to her, and I was a handsome young fellow then—wanity you'll say, but it's truth—and she took a shine to me. When I knew it I was beside myself with joy.

Secret a bit we were about it, as lovers will be, and the Cappen was a man to be afraid of. But one day I went to him in his state-room—wait a bit—his study, at home, and says I, "Cappen, I've a word to say to you."

Says he, "Well, my man."

Now that warn't jest the thing for a second mate. He might have said, "Well, Sir." However, he'd known me cabin-boy.

I couldn't go on at first, but by-and-by I managed to stumble through it. "I loved his daughter and wanted him to give her to me." That was my yarn; and, Lord love ye! the squall it raised. Cappen rose up and looked at me.

"Have you been drinking, my man?" says he.

"No, Cappen," says I.

"Then you're mad," says he.

"Nor yet mad," says I.

He pointed to the door.

"I haven't had my answer," says I. "I beg pardon, Cappen, but I want to hear it."

Ladies may read this, or I'd write down what he said to me. Talk about oaths after that!

"I don't deserve this, Sir," says I.

"You deserve a cowhiding. If I had a jack-o'-nine-tails handy I'd lay it over your back," says he. "Miss Eva Jersey is a lady, and you a common sailor."

"Second mate now, Sir," says I.

"Second fiddle-stick's end," says he.

"And, Sir, she—she likes me," said I. Then Cappen kicked me out. Mind ye, he was sixty-five, or I'd not have let him do it.

Next thing I heard Eva was sent away to an aunt's, and the nigger that waited on the Cappen ashore fetched me a note bidding me good-by, and saying that she "must obey her father." That was duty. Let man and woman do their duty. I did mine; for you see, I'd engaged with Cappen Jersey for a new voyage, and the time was come; and though it went agin me, I couldn't desart, though I said "it's the last voyage we'll have together, my hearty." Said it to myself, you know.

I did my duty. I worked hard. But all the light was gone out o' my sky. I was in a fog, with my compass lost. Life warn't nothing to me, and soon I had a chance for death.

For there came to us such a gale as never blew before, when we were not far from the Gold Coast; and after it had blown a bit it seemed to me the Cappen lost his senses. He might have saved the ship, but he was obstinate, and so she went upon a rock and split to pieces. We took to the boats in the storm. I never saw any of my mess-mates again. We might as well have been afloat in egg-shells. The first I knew, after knowing nothing, was lying in burning sand on my face; and when I cleared my eyes I saw I'd been washed ashore. Two men lay alongside o' me. I turned the first over; it was the cook, Peter; he was stone-dead. I looked at the next; it was the Cappen. Yes, 'twas poor old Cappen Jersey, and he wasn't dead, for he groaned when I touched him.

Says I, "What cheer, Cappen?"

Says he, "I sha'n't live to see my girl again, Blaize."

"Tell that to the marines!" says I. "We're on main land, I fancy, and, niggers or not, I never knew men I was afraid of. We'll get home yet, Cappen."

"You may," says he. "I must stay here; my leg is broken."

So it was. The old hero had been bruised and beaten nearly to death besides, though he bore it so well, and I found myself piping my eyes as I looked at him; but I was a bit of a surgeon, and I set the limb and bandaged it—bark for splints, and my shirt for bandages—and then (that was a hard job) I took poor Peter's clothes and made a kind of bed for Cappen in the shadiest place I could find, and buried the cook, with a bit of a prayer, and set down to think. I couldn't leave the Cappen. He couldn't go a step, and I must feed him and myself. I had a bit of liquor in a flask, and that was all.

Just then the Cappen called to me. "You've been kind to me," he said. "Bid me good-by, and say you forgive me before you go."

"I'm not going," I said. "I'll never desart Cappen. I'll find grub of some kind for us both, and we'll live to tell this yet ashore in America."

Says he, taking hold of my hand, "God bless you, Blaize; but I can't expect this of you; a son couldn't do more for a father."

"No," says I, "I mean to do the best I can; and whatever I may have to fret about, that will be a comfort."

"I wish—" he began. Then he stopped, and I gave him a sup from the flask and went away.

I don't mean to tell lies. This yarn is true. If you want wonders, and iron kettles floating ashore, and stores to last a year, and complete carpenter-shop at hand, look for 'em in other yarns—sich as travels.

I couldn't tell you much about how we lived—sometimes burning, sometimes soaked to the skin, half the time hungry. I found berries and roots and a bread-fruit tree, and caught a parrot and roasted her. I stuck to the Cappen. I suppose a month went so, and he could just move a little; and then I began helping him on by easy stages, hoping to come to some place where we should see human faces. We didn't, only to woods we were afraid to go through for the wild beasts, and I wished we had staid near the shore, where we might have seen a sail.

I learned how to say, "Give us to-day our daily bread" then, and the Lord sent it. But one day—a burning day—I could find neither water nor food. We were starving. I was as weak as a child, and the poor Cappen weaker than I.

And the Cappen said to me over and over again, "Go, Blaize"—'twasn't my man now—"you can escape, perhaps. Leave me. I'm only an old, dying man."

And I had answered, "No one shall ever say Dick Blaize desarted his Cappen." But I knew we were both doomed. Neither flesh nor fruit nor water could I find. And at last I sat down in despair.

"The Lord must help us now," said I. "And p'r'aps out here, where half the folks is unconvarted, he's lost sight of us."

There again I was wrong; for what in the 'varsal world should I hear but some one whistling "Yankee Doodle," and the next minute I saw under the bushes a face—in pertick'ler a nose—that couldn't hail from any where but old Connecticut, where I was born and brought up; and then faces black and white and yaller—a hull ship's complement of explorers, as they turned out to be. I tried to hurrah. "Cappen," says I, "the Lord has heard us." And then I keeled over and took a rest. Didn't know much for a bit, only I feel sure that Connecticut phiz was close to mine over and over again; and that whatever yarn the boss explorer puts in his book, he'll tell no lie if he says he nussed me like my mother might, God bless him! So before long, being among friends, we found ourselves piloted to a port and put aboard a Yankee vessel homeward-bound.

Well, to cut a long story short, mess-mates, we came ashore at Marblehead at last, and I was well and hearty, but the poor Cappen laid low. I had thought we'd bury him at sea, but it didn't come to that, and they took him home on a litter to die there; but before he went he held out his hand to me.

"God bless you!" he said. "No son could be kinder than you have been;" and I went away piping my eye.

I'd got to love him out there on the Gold Coast.

Well, I was uneasy, and I walked the deck of my room the best part of the night, and at daybreak some one says, "Ahoy, Mr. Blaize!" and I opened the door. A boy was there. Says he, "Cappen Jersey has sent for you—he's dying."

I knew it must come; but my heart sank like the lead in deep water. I set sail for the house, leaving the lad quite out of sight, and got there in a few minutes. The nigger took me in, and there was Cappen in bed and Chaplain alongside, and Eva crying as if her blessed heart would break. And Cappen says to me:

"Blaize, time is short for me, I must speak fast. You love my girl still?"

Says I, "I haven't words to tell how dear she is to me."

Then the Cappen took her little hand and put it in mine, and says to the Chaplain,

"Let me see it done before I die."

And before I knew what had happened I was called on to answer would I take this woman to be my wedded wife? and had said:

"Will I? Why, if you'll give her to me, Cappen, you give me my bit of heaven afore my time—" At which Chaplain took me up sharp.

And then we were married, and the dream came true, for I kissed her.

The best of the yarn is, the Cappen didn't die. I think when we were spliced he felt a load off his conscience and took a turn for the better; and we have him living with us, hale and hearty as a man can be at eighty-four.

And now I teach the young folk to go to church reg'lar, for, as I tell the Chaplain, no knowing what good may come of it. I found my wife at church, and bless you *she* don't think me wicked for saying so, though she pretends to—to please the Chaplain.

MONSIEUR OUFLE.

A CHEERFUL man was M. Oufle, who loved a jovial evening with his friends, a glass of good wine, and a merry tale. A worthy man, too, was he, the most exemplary of husbands and the most indulgent of fathers—but he had his weakness—which of us has not?—and his weakness was weakness of intellect; in short, he was a very good, a very respectable, a very kind-hearted man, but also a very silly one.

He regarded himself as a bit of a philosopher, and despised superstition; yet for all that he was fidgeted if the salt-cellar were upset, alarmed if the knife and fork were crossed, and he would positively decline to make the thirteenth at dinner.

It was Carnival time, and M. Oufle invited all his own relations and his wife's relations to dinner. A pleasant evening they passed; they ate and they drank, and they talked, and they sang—they ate till they were more than satisfied, drank till they were very merry, talked themselves dry, and sang themselves hoarse. Far be it from me to assert that any of the party had drunk more than he ought, but they had all grazed the line of moderation, and M. Oufle, being naturally light-headed, had become exceedingly "jolly."

When the relations withdrew the children went to bed, Madame Oufle took her candle and departed with her lady's maid, and M. Oufle, for the sake of a little exercise, festooned up and down his chamber, whistling a plaintive melody, and whistling it out of tune.

This gentleman's eldest son, who had inherited all his father's amiable qualities and his empty-headedness into the bargain, had slipped off from the paternal house by the back-door, as soon as the guests began to leave, in a masquerading dress, and had betaken himself, after the manner of scapegraces, to a ball.

M. Oufle, having wearied of describing curves in his own room, opened the door and went up stairs, a process attended with difficulties which would have proved insuperable but for the assistance of the balusters. Arrived on the landing M. Oufle observed his son's door open, so he walked into the room, impelled either by curiosity or by a desire for a little more conversation.

The son was, however, at that time dancing in the ball-room of a hotel two streets off.

M. Oufle, not finding the young man, sat himself down beside the bed, and began to overhaul the various masquerading dresses which his son had left out upon his chair. There was a neat suit of green and gold, intended as a forester's dress; there was a costume of the time of François I., covered with spangles; and last, but not least, there was a bear-skin suit, so contrived that the wearer of it was covered with fur from head to foot, and looked precisely like a black bear escaped from a traveling caravan. M. Oufle turned this dress over and over, and its originality attracted his interest. He thought he should like to see whether it would fit his person; he therefore arrayed himself in the habit, and found that it suited him to a T. Just then the idea entered his head that the opportunity of disabusing Madame Oufle of her superstitions had now presented itself. Madame Oufle was nearly as great a fool as her husband, and that is saying a good deal. She was infected with the vulgar belief in witchcraft and demonology, and believed implicitly that warlocks could transform themselves into wild beasts for the purpose of devouring children.

"Now," mused M. Oufle, "is a chance for me to eradicate these baneful superstitions from her mind. If she sees me in this dress, and takes me to be a were-wolf, and when I show her the deception, she will never believe in the supernatural again."

Accordingly he walked to his wife's door and listened. The servant was still with her mistress, so M. Oufle retreated down stairs to the dining-room, intending to wait till his good lady was alone; and that he might know when the maid was dismissed he placed the door ajar.

Then taking up a book he seated himself before the fire. The book happened to be Bodin's "Dæmonomania," and M. Oufle opened it at the chapter on Lycanthropy.

He read on, and the tales of were-wolves floated in strange colors through his brain till he fell asleep with his head on the table and the book on his lap. And as he slumbered he dreamed of sorcerers being provided by the Evil One with wolf-skins which they were condemned to wear for seven years, and of Lycaon sentenced by Jove to run about in bestial form, till a piercing shriek and a crash brought him with a start to his feet.

The lady's maid, after having pinned her mistress's back hair into a heap and fitted over it the night-cap, had left the chamber and had come down stairs. As she passed the dining-room she saw that there was still a light in it, and thinking that the candles had not been extinguished, she entered precipitately to put them out.

There in the dead of night she stood, and saw before her a monstrous black bear fast asleep before the fire, snoring loudly, with its head on the table and its snout up in the air, its hind paws upon the fender, a silk pocket-handkerchief over one knee, and a book on the lap. No wonder that she dropped her candle and screamed.

But the shriek which testified to her fear frightened M. Oufle out of the few senses he did possess. He sprang up, bewildered with his dreams, confused with the fumes of wine, and alarmed at the suddenness of his *reveil*. Opposite him was a pier-glass. He forgot entirely all the circumstances connected with the assumption of the bear-skin, and with the last impressions produced by Bodin, and by his dream stamped upon his brain, he jumped to the conclusion that he was bewitched, and that he had been changed into a were-wolf. Full of this idea he dashed past the terror-stricken maid; and his wife, who had rushed to the landing, saw a frightful monster bounding down the stairs, uttering howls sufficiently loud to awake the dead, heard it unlock the front-door and burst into the street. Thereupon she fainted away.

M. Oufle, impelled by terror, ran along the street yelling for assistance; he was naturally provided with a deep and sonorous bass voice, but his voice sounded hollow and fearful through his hideous vizor.

A few terrified people appeared in their night-caps at the windows, only to run back and bury themselves trembling beneath the clothes.

A watchman who had started on his rounds came upon him suddenly as he turned a corner, and dropping his lantern beat a precipitate retreat.

In an adjoining street lived a fair damsel of considerable person[illegible], but superior pecuniary, attractions, who was loved to distraction by a grocer's apprentice. The young man had made the lady's acquaintance as he served the shop, and had breathed his love over the cheeses he sold. His addresses had been countenanced by the beloved one, but were discouraged by the parents, who had not permitted the devoted youth to set foot within their doors. The apprentice had no other means open to him of testifying his devotion than by hiring a band of street musicians to perform at the rate of two francs an hour, during the silent watches of the night, below the window of the adored.

On the present occasion the band was performing the "Descent of Mars" when a discordant howl in their ears produced a sudden pause in their music not noted in their score, and the apparition of a monstrous bear running into the midst of them upon its hind legs with ears and stumpy tail cocked up, produced such a panic among the sons of Orpheus that they cast their instruments from them and took to their heels. Not so the grocer's apprentice. True love knows not fear. He flew to the door of his beloved and cast himself before it, determined to perish in her defense.

But the monster, without perceiving him, ran on repeating its dolorous howls.

The grocer's apprentice rose from the door-step, dusted his coat, collected the scattered instruments, cast an amorous glance at the window of the adored, and retired home.

A party of students from the University were that evening going their rounds, performing feats of heroism, of which they might boast among their companions. These feats were not attended with much danger, and yet the achievement of them was an object of considerable ambition. They consisted simply in breaking lamps and wrenching the knockers off doors.

Some people might think that the smashing of a street lamp was an operation within the scope of the most infantine abilities, and that the wrenching of a knocker from a door was neither a hazardous nor a very heroic act. But these people are entirely mistaken. The police occasionally interfere and capture one of those engaged in these acts, and if captured, it costs the student several francs to bribe the officer to let him escape.

Consequently the ringing of a street bell at midnight is regarded by University men as an achievement equal to the bravest deed of a tried general, and the breaking off of a knocker is supposed to rank very much on a level with the proudest trophy of a blood-stained field.

On the night in question four valiant collegians were engaged on the hazardous undertaking of screwing up the door of a worthy citizen—an act of consummate ingenuity and sublime originality. Suddenly a wild and unearthly yell ringing through the hushed night broke upon their ears. Instantly the four students paused and turned pale. In another moment they saw a diabolical object moving rapidly down the street toward them. The young men shrank against the wall, each endeavoring to get behind the other, and reversing the proverb of the weakest going to the wall, for in their struggle the ablest-bodied secured that position, while the feeblest was the most exposed, and served as a screen to the others.

The approaching monster stood still for an instant, and they were able to observe him by the wan light of the crescent new moon and the flickering oil lamp slung across the head of the street. A fearful object! In their terror the screw-drivers dropped from their fingers. The noise attracted the creature's attention, and it ran up the steps toward them, articulating words in a hoarse tone, which they, in their alarm, were unable to catch. Suffice it to say that the sight of this monster coming within arm's-length was too much for their courage; with a shriek they burst past it, tumbling over each other, and rolling down the door-steps, picked themselves up again and fled, palpitating, in four separate directions, calling for the police, imploring the aid of that august body which they had so long set at defiance.

What tales they related on the following morning to all the old ladies of their acquaintance it is not for me to record. One of the students broke his sword, and vowed that he had snapped it in his fight with the Dæmon; another exhibited the bruises he had received in his fall as evidence of the desperate character of the conflict; a third wore his arm in a sling as though it had been broken in the encounter, and all agreed that the monster had fled from them, and not they from the monster.

The police! "Oh, horrors!" thought M. Oufle, "they have summoned the aid of the police. I shall be captured, be tried and sentenced and burned at the stake as a were-wolf."

The fear of this urged him to retreat stealthily homeward, keeping as much as possible in the shadows, lest any of the agents of justice should get sight of him and carry him away to trial. If he could but reach home he would implore his wife to stab him with a knife between the eyes and draw some drops of blood, a sovereign cure for lycanthropy.

But poor M. Oufle's head was never very clear, and now it was in a thorough condition of bewilderment, so that he completely lost himself and slunk about the streets in a disconsolate manner, vainly searching for his own domicile. His bewilderment became greater with every step he took; his confusion and alarm were not a little heightened by his stumbling over an elderly gentleman and leaving him apparently dead of fright on the pavement.

It did not mend matters when, hearing a *fiacre* drive by, he suddenly stepped toward it and asked the way of the driver—for the coachman jumped off his seat in a paroxysm of terror, and the horses, equally frightened, ran away with the carriage, while the people inside screamed through the windows.

At last M. Oufle sat down on a door-step and gave himself up to despair. The stake was before him, and his imagination conjured up all the horrors of his position, chained about the waist and dancing in the midst of the flames.

All at once a familiar voice smote upon his ear—the voice of his eldest son. A ray of hope penetrated his breast. He rose from his seat and walked to meet his first-born. That young gentleman was returning from the masquerade ball at which he had been figuring. He had imbibed a considerable amount of wine before he left home, and he had absorbed a little more during the pauses in the dance. He was accordingly scarcely sober, and as he returned home he sang or talked to himself at the top of his voice. But now he saw something which sobered him instantaneously. This was nothing else than his own masquerading habit of bear's skin, which he had left hanging over the back of his chair, walking deliberately toward him, as though the spirit of the departed Bruin had retenanted his forsaken skin, and was coming in the dead of night to demand a reckoning with him who had dared to use it as a Carnival habit.

He stood and looked at it with pale face and staring eyes, while a shudder ran through his frame.

If it had been within the limits of physical possibility he would have sunk into his shoes. When he heard his own name articulated in hollow tones from the muzzle he turned heel and fled like the wind. In vain did M. Oufle call after him; the louder he called the faster fled the youth, and the distracted father was obliged to pursue his son.

The race was run with the utmost speed by both parties. The young man was urged on by terror lest the skin should overtake him, and M. Oufle dreaded losing sight of his son lest he should at the same time lose all chance of regaining his home.

When M. Oufle le Jeune turned his white face over his shoulders he saw the creature gaining upon him, and heard its hollow calls. He dodged from street to street, but he invariably saw the bear-skin double the corner and rush after him, turn where he would. It was in vain for him to hope to throw it out, and at last he ran straight for his home. This he had left by the garden. It was his custom to leave the house by the back-door and clamber over the garden rails whenever he went out on his night expeditions; and now he made for the garden, hoping to climb the rails and escape through the door and lock it before the skin could overtake him.

He reached the railings. It was a difficult and delicate matter to surmount them with time at his disposal, but now that it was to be accomplished in no time at all it was hazardous in the extreme. M. Oufle, Jun., had reached the top, and was preparing to jump down, when a furry paw grasped his ankle and held him as though in a vice; for the monster proceeded to climb the railings, holding on to his leg. The poor youth vainly endeavored to break away; he writhed and strained to be free; holding the iron bars with his hands, he vociferated loudly for help. The creature reached the top and clasped him round the waist, while the hideous snout was poked close to his ear over his shoulder. Both leaped together and were brought up with a jerk.

The rails were topped with sharp dart-heads, and one of these caught in the hide, so that M. Oufle and his son were suspended from it in mid air, the latter in the arms of his father. Both cried together for assistance, the young man louder than ever when he heard the sonorous howls of his captor in his ear.

Lights appeared in the lower apartments at the back of the house, and presently the garden-door was opened by a troop of terrified male and female servants, provided with blunderbusses, swords, and pistols. In the rear appeared Madame Oufle, half-dressed, but with her night-cap on her head.

The young man called to his mother, and the moment she saw the hope of the family dangling in the grasp of the monster she fainted away again. There was an old man, a servant of the house, who claimed and exercised supreme authority in the household. He walked forward with a pistol in each hand; and the youth cried to him to shoot the creature which clasped him through the head. In vain did M. Oufle shout to him to desist; his words were lost in the mask; and he would undoubtedly have received a couple of bullets through his head had not the buttons of the dress just then given way with a burst, and slipped M. Oufle in a heap upon the ground, leaving the habit torn and dangling on the spike of the rails.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed M. Oufle, sitting up; "the spell is off me."

"My father!" cried the flower of the family.

"My husband!" ejaculated the lady, recovering from her fainting fit.

"My master!" exclaimed the gray-haired servant.

"Let us embrace all round," said M. Oufle.

THE UNBENDED BOW.

In some old realm, we read, when war had come,
The bended bow, a warlike sign, was sent
Across the land—a summoner fierce but dumb;
When peace return'd the bow was pass'd unbent.

Oh, sacred Land! not many years ago
(The symbol keeps its meaning evermore),
Thy holy summons, came the bended bow—
Thy fiery bearers moved from door to door.

Then sprang thy brave from threshold and from hearth·
Their angry footsteps sounded, moving far,
As when an earthquake moves across the earth;
Shone on thy hills the flame-lit tents of war.

O tender wife, in all thy weakness stern
With the great purpose which thy husband drew;
O mother dreaming of thy son's return,
Strong with the arm whose strength thy country knew;

O maiden, proud to hold a hero's name
Close in thy prayerful silence, blameless: lo,
Transfigured in the light of love and fame,
They come, the bearers of the unbended bow!

"The strife is hush'd, O Land!"—this voice is plain—
"The bow of Peace is borne from door to door·
May thy dread power be never tried again;
But let thine arrows shine for evermore."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Doubtful Case.—"Look here, ma!" said a young lady who has recently commenced taking lessons in painting of an eminent artist. "See my painting; can you tell me what it is?" Ma, after looking at it some time, answered, "Well, it is either a cow or a rose-bud—I'm sure I can't tell which."

Why are people who stutter not to be relied on?—Because they are always breaking their word.

The Retort Courteous.—A clergyman and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one frosty day lately, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him a moment and being assured that he was not much hurt, said to him, "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, "I see they do, but I can't."

What the Tide Does.—A gentleman walking along the docks had his attention directed to the floating church. "Ah! very unstable principles here—a change twice in every twenty-four hours!" he exclaimed. Listener couldn't see it, and asked how that could be; and was answered, "Don't you see it's High Church or Low Church according to the state of the tide?"

"Didn't you suppose, Sir, that I kept a Bible?" "No, I didn't think that you kept God's word, as I knew that you never kept your own."

The late tornado in Minnesota kicked up some queer pranks. It blew eight oxen over a river 800 yards wide. It took all the water out of a pond, carried it a mile, and then set it down on Mayor Doran's farm in the shape of a small lake. It blew a man's boots off. Another man's coat was not only blown short, but actually buttoned from top to bottom. One old lady went up like a balloon, was carried two and a half miles, and was finally landed astride a telegraph-wire, where she was found by her grandson and relieved by a ladder. Judge Morgan says the wind not only carried off his dwelling-house but his sub-cellar and two wells. Some tornado that!

"Sir," said an old physician to a shallow youth, who had been assailing him with a string of foolish impertinencies, "I can not be angry with you, for I see you have an incurable disease." "An incurable disease? Good Heavens, Doctor, what is it?" "You are a *fool!*"

A Novel Pleasure.—The editor of a French paper, in speaking of the dedication of a new cemetery near Lyons, says that "M. Gascoigne had the pleasure of being the first individual who was buried in this delightful retreat."

Clever Evasion.—The late Reverend Daniel Isaac was both a great wag and a great smoker. "Ah, there you are," cried a lady, who surprised him one day enjoying his pipe, "at your idol again!" "Yes, my dear madam," replied he, coolly; "I hope you do not find fault with me, for I ought to be commended, as you see *I'm burning it!*"

Like a Thousand of Bricks.—Why are builders like rapid creepers?—Because they are fond of running up a house in a *single* week.

MAXIMS.

By a Contradictory Philosopher.

Who says one's acquaintances refuse to assist one in distress?—When a man is reduced to *straits* his friends give him a *wide* berth.

Who says that one's foes take advantage of one's misfortunes?—When a man has got into difficulties his enemies pay him out.

Who says that a starving man may look in vain for a meal?—When a man has not money enough to pay for his dinner, there are plenty of people ready to give him a cold shoulder.

Essay on Dogs.—Josh Billings favors the world with a brief essay on dogs. "Dogs in the lump," says Joshua, "are useful, but they are not always profitable. The Nufoundlin dog is useful to save children from drowning; but you have got to have a pond of water and children running about kareless or else the dog ain't profitable. There ain't nothing made boarding a Nufoundlin dog. Rat tearriers are useful to ketch rats; but the rats ain't profitable after you have ketched them. The shepherd dog is useful tew drive sheep; but if you have to go and buy a flock of sheep, and pay more than they are wuth, jest to keep the dog buzzy, the dog ain't profitable—not much. Lapdogs are very useful; but if you don't hold them in your lap awl the time, they ain't profitable at all. The coach dog is one of the most useful ov dogs I know ov; but yu have got to have a coach (and that ain't always pleasant), or you can't realize from the dog. Thus we see that, while dogs are generally useful, there are times when they ain't generally profitable."

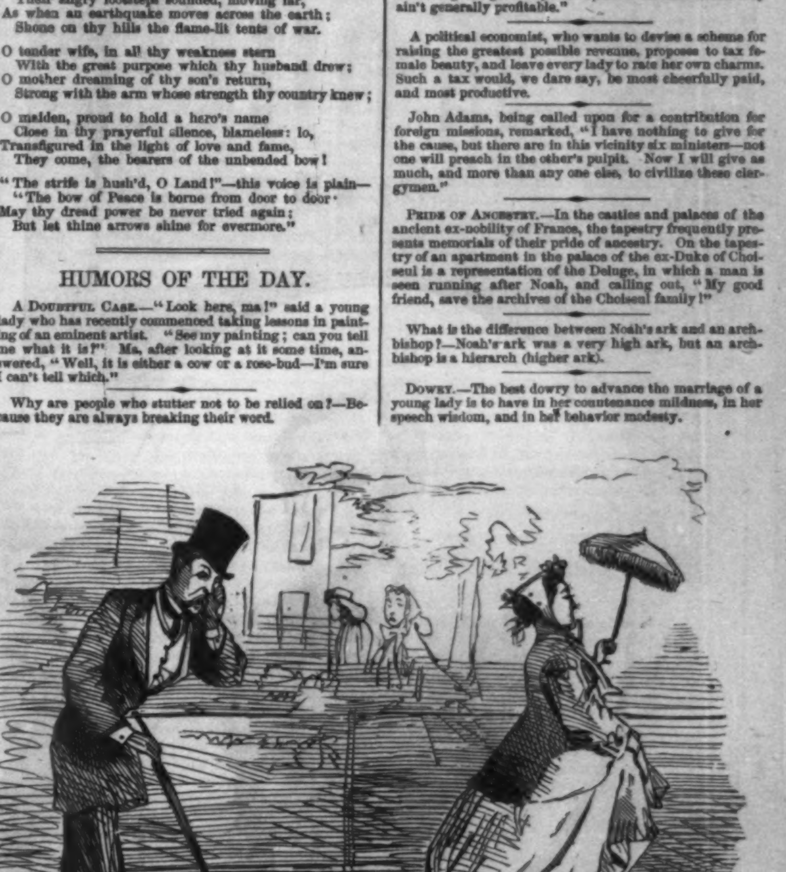
A political economist, who wants to devise a scheme for raising the greatest possible revenue, proposes to tax female beauty, and leave every lady to rate her own charms. Such a tax would, we dare say, be most cheerfully paid, and most productive.

John Adams, being called upon for a contribution for foreign missions, remarked, "I have nothing to give for the cause, but there are in this vicinity six ministers—not one will preach in the other's pulpit. Now I will give as much, and more than any one else, to civilize these clergymen."

Pride of Ancestry.—In the castles and palaces of the ancient ex-nobility of France, the tapestry frequently presents memorials of their pride of ancestry. On the tapestry of an apartment in the palace of the ex-Duke of Choiseul is a representation of the Deluge, in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out, "My good friend, save the archives of the Choiseul family!"

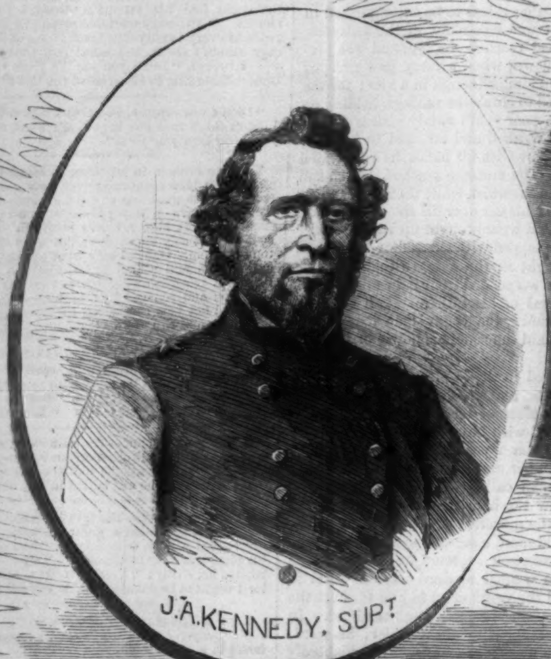
What is the difference between Noah's ark and an archbishop?—Noah's ark was a very high ark, but an archbishop is a hierarch (higher ark).

Dowry.—The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is to have in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, and in her behavior modesty.

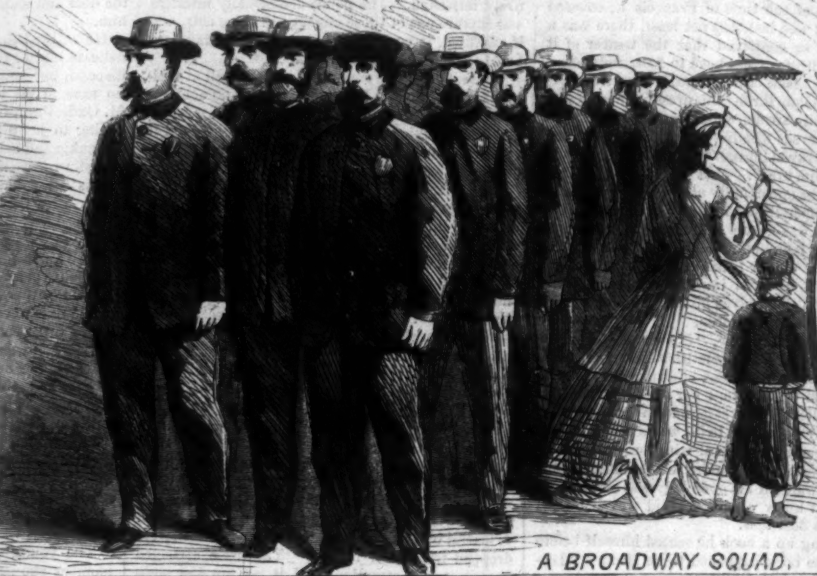


A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.

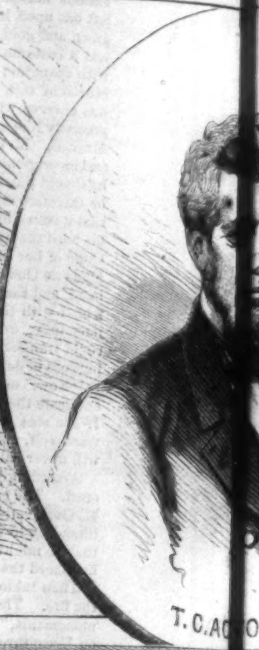
Fitzblason has been following Miss **Farrisy** for nearly an hour in mute admiration of her *chignon*, when he is suddenly pulled up by this remarkable phenomenon.



J.A.KENNEDY, SUPT.



A BROADWAY SQUAD.



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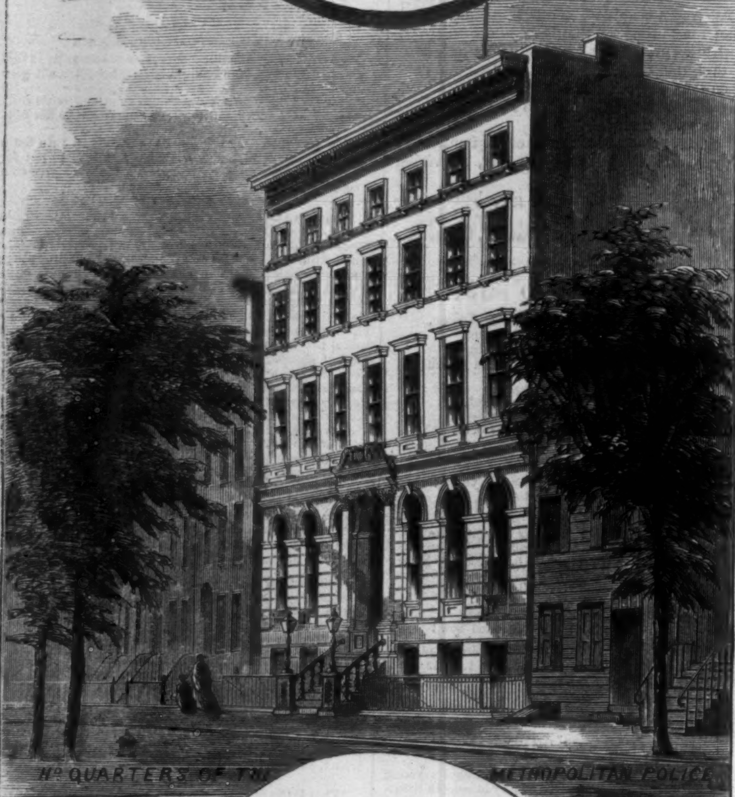
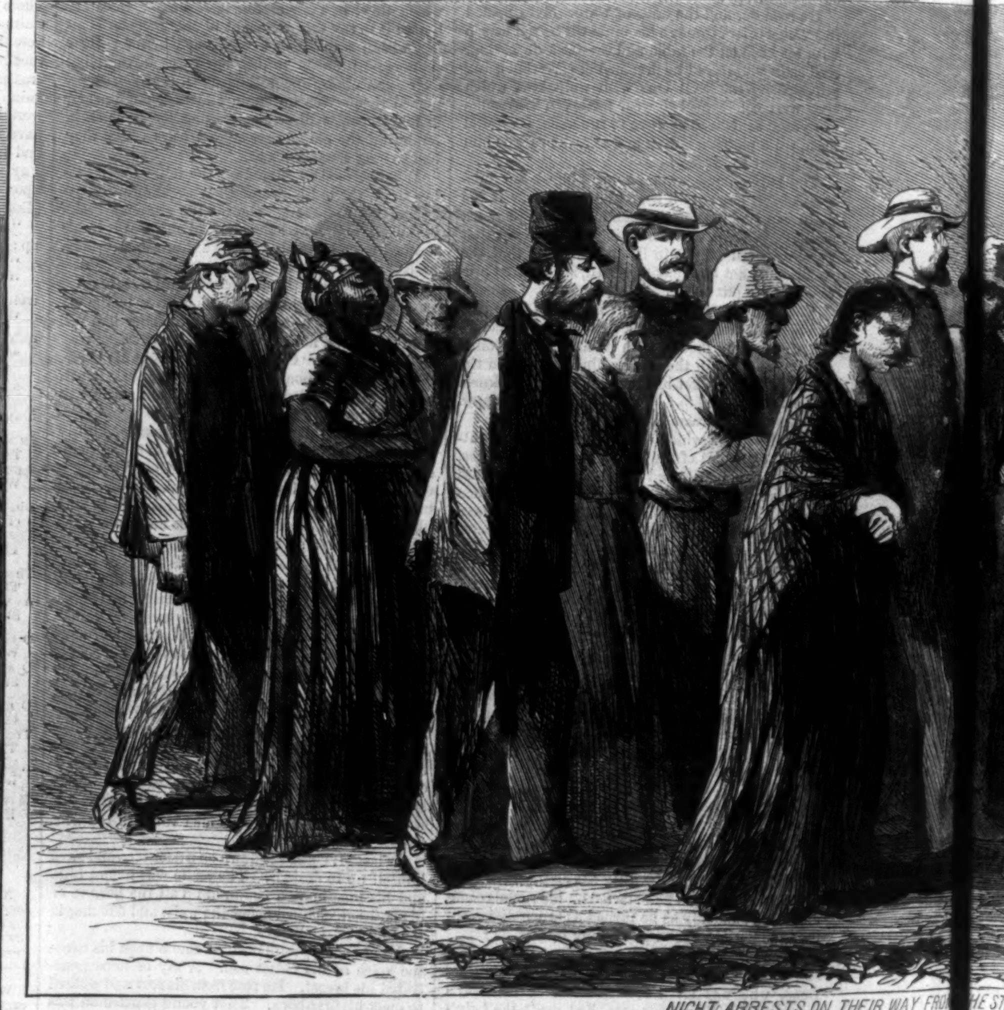


HD QUARTERS OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.



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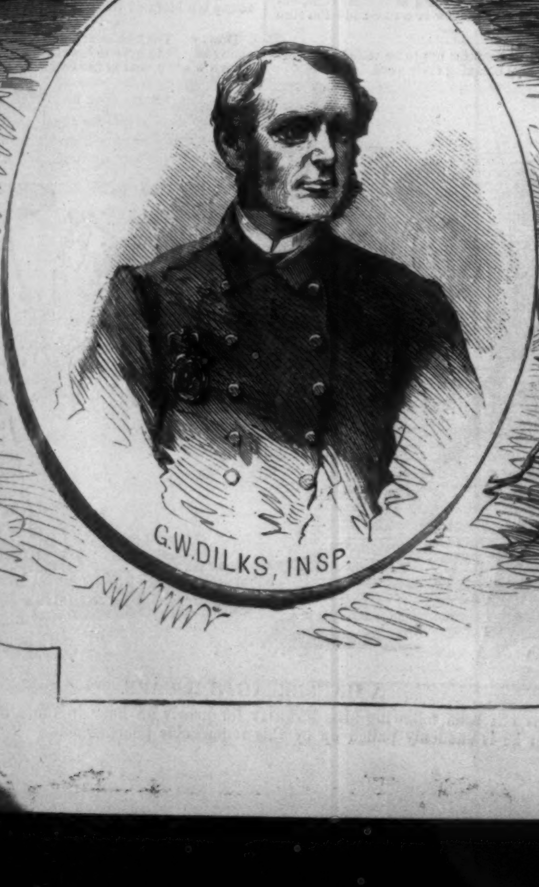
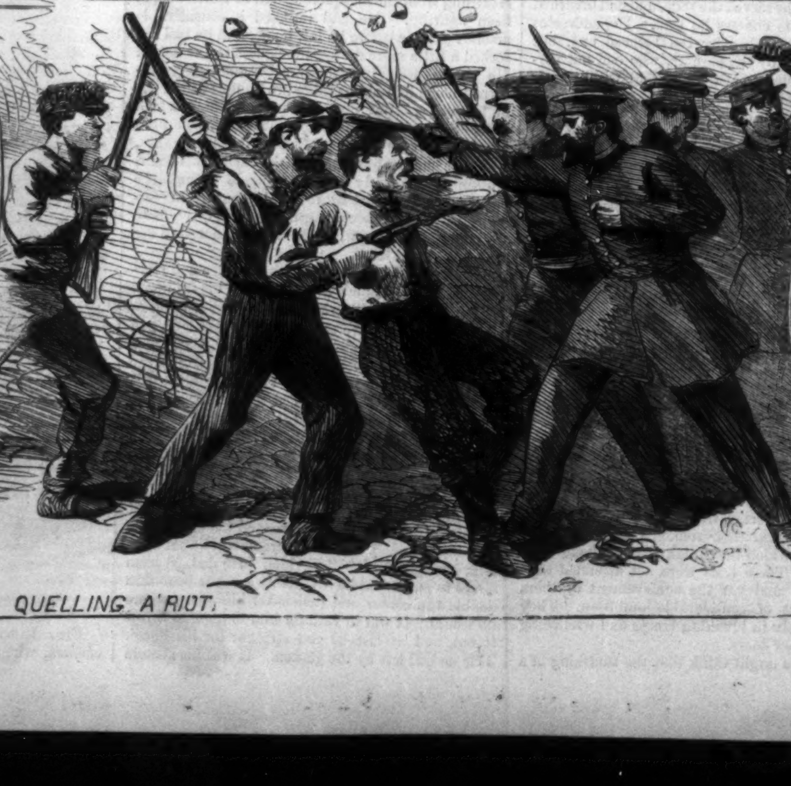
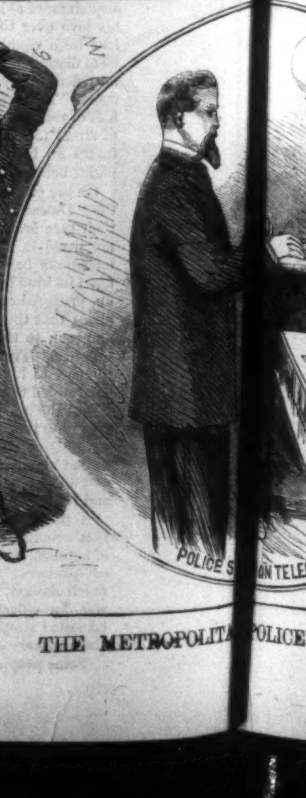


G.W.DILKS, INSP.



QUELLING A RIOT.



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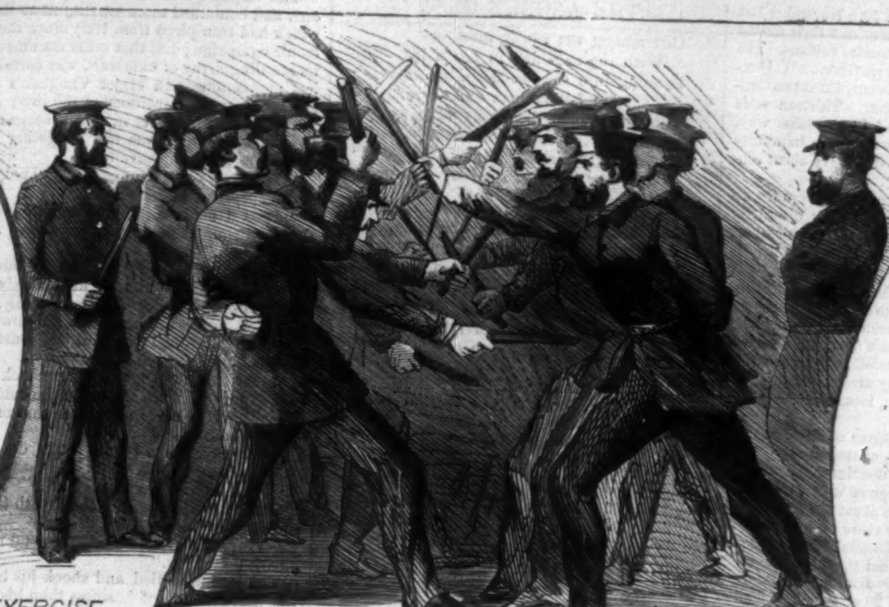
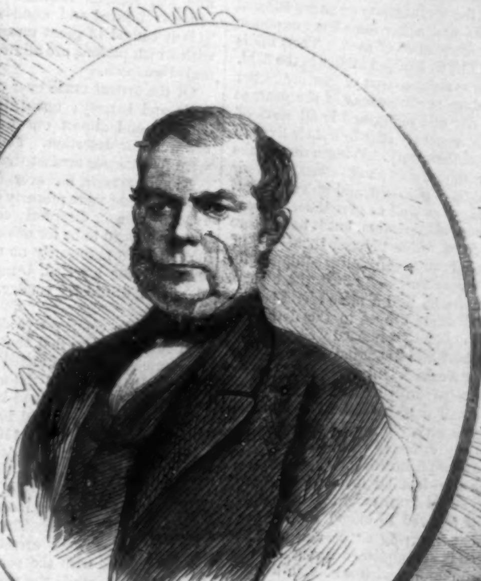
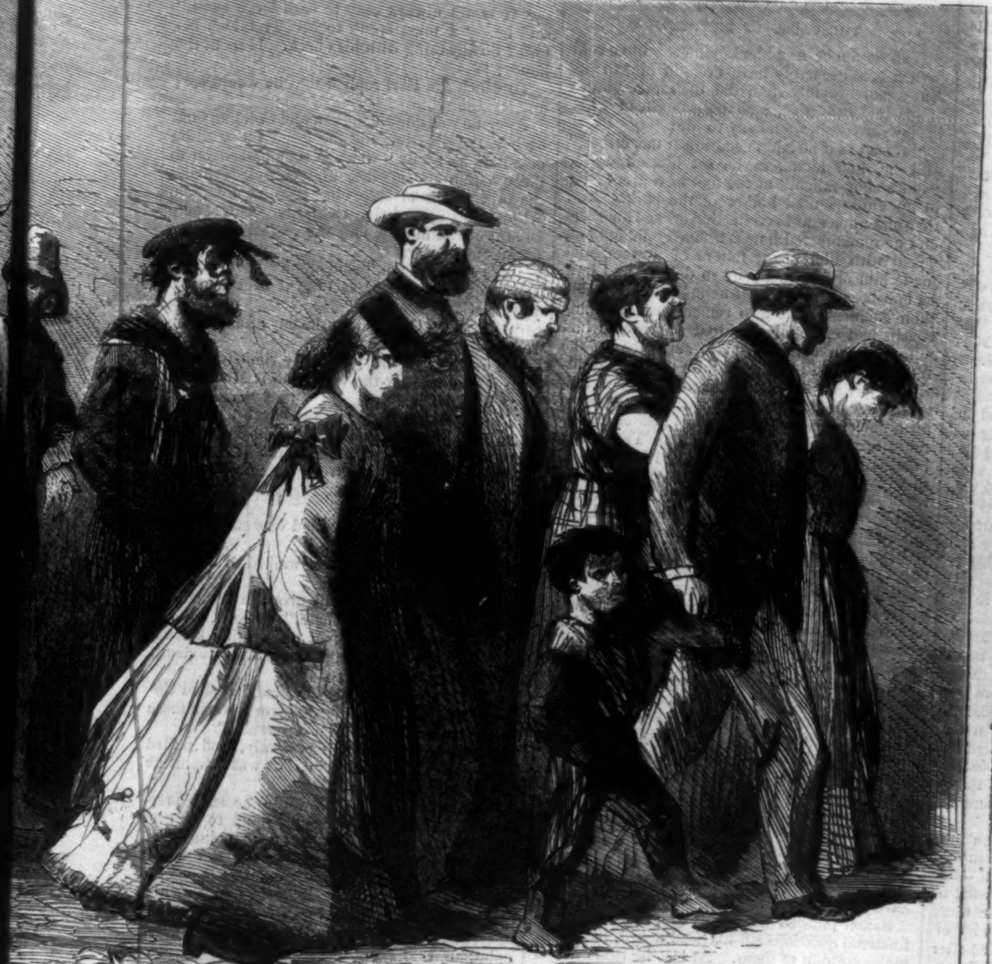


CLUB EXERCISE.



D. CARPENTER. INSPR.



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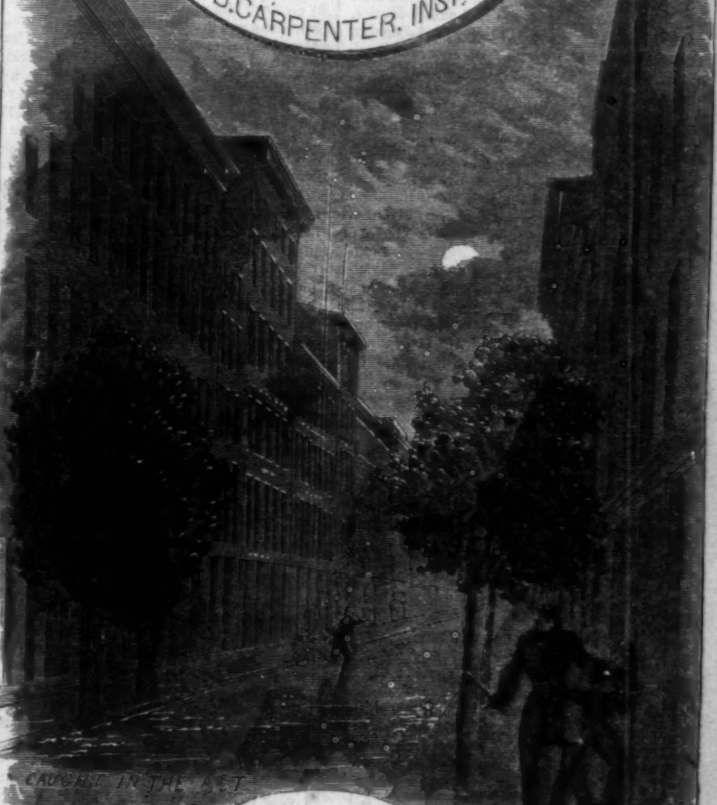

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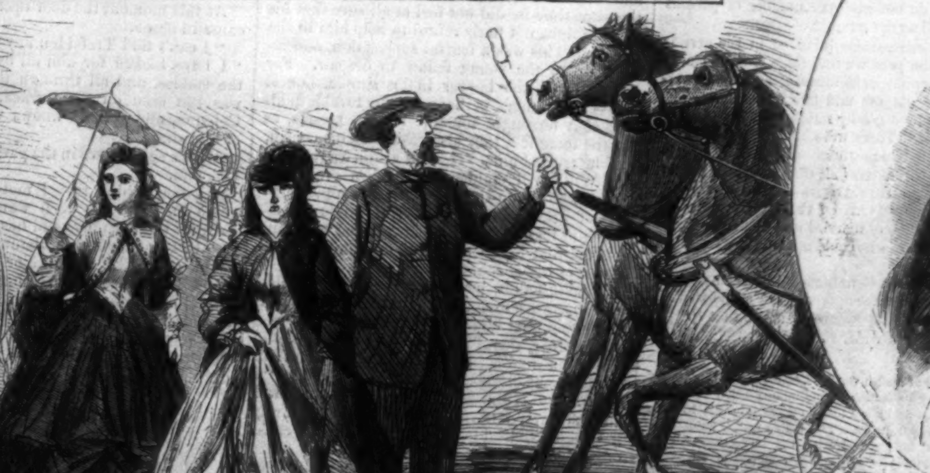
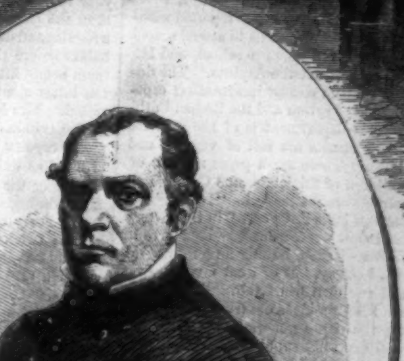


ESCORTING THE LADIES



J. LEONARD. INSP.

LICE.—[See Page 570.]

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

No city has greater occasion to be proud of her police than New York. Numbering but two thousand men, our policemen—several of the interesting features of whose life we illustrate on pages 568 and 569—work as hard and suffer more from exposure than almost any other class of men. Their life is in great measure like that of the soldier in the field. Their discipline is as strict as that of an army corps; they are out on duty at all seasons of the year, at all hours of the day and night, and in all sorts of weather. Not unfrequently they lose their lives in the performance of their duty. When a riot breaks forth and the community is panic-stricken, their place is in the midst of the fight, and on such occasions they take blows as well as give them. Every precinct has its one police-station, but it has a score of liquor-stores, from which proceed thousands of men with crazed brains, and fully equipped for wrong-doing of every sort. Against these men, and against others who lead a more secret career, plotting more deliberate crimes in the dark, and against the vagrants and abandoned women of this city, do this gallant two thousand daily contend with wonderful success. Only the strictest discipline and the most untiring vigilance make it possible for so small a body of men to maintain order in so large a city. The care which the policemen take to nip crime in the bud helps them much in the accomplishment of this end. No squads of suspicious-looking men are allowed to gather on the street corners. No disreputable establishment is allowed to offend beyond a certain limit without incurring a "descent of the police." Much too is accomplished through fear, on account of the immunity with which, in a serious disturbance, the police are allowed to break heads and arms.

The Metropolitan Police District comprises New York, Kings, Westchester, and Richmond counties, and the towns of Newtown, Flushing, and Jamaica, in Queens County. Mr. **Thomas C. Acton** is President of the Board of Police Commissioners. The chief executive officer of the department is Mr. **John A. Kennedy**, who has commanded the police force during the most perilous periods the metropolis ever experienced. He gives his orders through the Inspectors, of whom there are four, viz.: **Daniel Carpenter**, **George W. Dilks**, **James Leonard**, and **John S. Folk**. Of the first three Inspectors we give portraits on the pages above referred to. Connected with the department there is a board of ten surgeons and six assistants.

The preliminary examination of the candidates for the office of policeman is no joke. The candidate is thumped and pommeled until it is certain that there is no trace of a consumptive tendency or other weakness in his constitution. Once a member, however, he remains in office during good behavior. No one can become a member who is not a citizen of the United States, or who has ever been convicted of any crime, or who can not read or write English understandingly. The city is divided into thirty-two precincts, to each of which belongs a captain, four sergeants (usually), and from forty to fifty patrolmen.

All the members are, after their admission, instructed in military drill and baton exercise. Captain **Copeland**, chief of the Broadway squad, is drill-officer of the force.

The Sanitary Company of the police consists of a captain, one sergeant, and thirty-six men. Twenty-one of these are occupied in the examination of tenement houses, yards, sinks, and nuisances of all descriptions. The number of reports made by this squad during the year ending October 31, 1862, was 27,631. Seven men are detailed as truant officers, five of whom visit our public schools daily, and ascertain from the teachers the number of truants and absentees, who are visited at their respective residences, and the cause of their absence inquired into. The number reported by the teachers to this squad for the year ending October 31, 1864, was 4633. Of this number 2089 were reported without cause, 1750 were reformed so as to attend school regularly, 83 arrested and taken to school, and 145 were committed to the Juvenile Asylum. The duties of two of these men consist in attending especially to the Juvenile Asylum and the Roman Catholic Asylum. This department is of the greatest importance. Our streets are full of vagrant and destitute children. There are a great number of asylums for children of this class, and they are all full, but the streets are just as full. "Never," said the Rev. **Silliman Ives** last year, "in the history of our city has infant wretchedness stalked forth in such multiplied and such humiliating forms. I speak not from hearsay, but of what my own eyes have seen and my own heart felt. For the last ten years have I been a close observer of what has passed among the rising generation in this great metropolis, and I can not suppress the humiliating conviction that even pagan Rome, in the corrupt age of Augustus, never witnessed a more rapid and frightful declension in morals, nor witnessed among certain classes of the young a more utter disregard of honor, of truth, and piety, and even the commonest decencies of life."

The annals of crime in the city, as given in President **Acton's** last annual report, are interesting. The total number of arrests in all the precincts for the year was 54,751. Of these over one-half were arrests of persons born in Ireland. Not quite one-third of all the persons arrested were born in this country, and a large proportion of these were of foreign descent.

There were arrested by the Metropolitan Police, for crimes of violence of a serious character, in 1863 and 1864 respectively, as follows:

	1863.	1864.
For felonious assault.................	343	462
For assault on policemen..............	19	35
For attempt at rape...................	23	29
For insulting females in the street....	33	88
For murder............................	79	48
For maiming...........................	6	6
For manslaughter......................	1	10
For rape..............................	21	34
For threatening life..................	12	30
	537	742

During the year ending the 30th November last five members of the police force met their deaths by violence at the hands of desperate ruffians. The names of the policemen killed were **George W. Duryea**, **John O'Brien**, **Joseph Nulet**, **Charles Curren**, and **Austen Esterbrook**. Thirteen were seriously injured and wounded in the same way. This is caused in great measure by the immunity with which persons are allowed to carry about concealed weapons.

Of the arrests made over one-ninth were for assault and battery; one-sixth were for disorderly conduct, and almost one-fourth for intoxication; 683 were for desertion. Four-fifths of the arrests were for offenses against the person. The greater portion of arrests, however, for offenses against the person belong more properly to another class, namely, of arrests for disorderly conduct. Out of 44,448 arrests alleged to be for offenses against the person, 35,763 have necessarily no relation to any persons except those arrested, being arrests for insanity, desertion, disorderly conduct, intoxication, and vagrancy.

As to the comparative degree of criminality of the two sexes, we find that, as nearly as possible, the number of men arrested doubles that of the women. In both cases the age at which the maximum of crime is attained is about the same. Between the ages of 10 and 20 there were arrested of males 6773, of females 2117—total 8890. Thus at this early period it seems that the masculine tendency toward crime is to the feminine as three to one. Between the ages of 20 and 30 the feminine tendency toward crime increases more in proportion than the masculine. Thus, between those ages, 14,147 males were arrested, and 8057 females. As compared with the period from 10 to 20 years we find that, while the male arrests number little more than twice as many, the female arrests number nearly four times as many. From the age of 30 up to 40 the amount of crime is diminished in both sexes and in about the same proportion, being reduced about one-half in either case. Thus, during this period, the number of males arrested was 8517, and of females 5038. During the next decade—from 40 to 50—the number in either case is again reduced one-half, being for males 4709, and for females 2479. After fifty the decrease is very rapid—the total number of arrests above that age being, of males 2127, and of females 787.

The numbers and ratios above given do not exactly represent the diminution of the criminal *tendency* after the age of 30 so much as the diminution of *actual crime*. For it must be remembered that the number of persons living between 40 and 50 is but a very trifle more than half the number living between 30 and 40; and that the whole number of persons living over 50 years of age is but four-fifths the number living between the ages of 40 and 50. Thus, in New York county, there were living between the ages of 30 and 40 (in the year 1850) 82,305 persons; between 40 and 50 there were 43,026; and over 50 years of age only 34,157. Now we estimated that the number of arrests between the ages of 40 and 50 was just about half the number of those between 30 and 40; and we find the diminution in the number of persons living to be in the same ratio. The conclusion, therefore, is that the criminal tendency is about the same in the two decades considered.

If we compare the two decades 20–30 and 30–40, we find that while in the latter there are two-thirds as many persons living as in the former, there are only about half as many arrests. Here there is a real diminution of the criminal tendency. This tendency appears to reach its maximum between the ages of 20 and 30. After 50 years of age there are four-fifths as many persons living as in the decade 40–50; the number of arrests after 50 are three-sevenths, or less than one-half as many as between 40 and 50.

Another consideration also should be taken into the account. The number of arrests made in any year represents rather the *amount of actual crime* than the *number of criminals*. Those addicted to irregular and disorderly habits usually acquire those habits before the age of twenty—the majority of them before fifteen; and it is well known that after the latter age the same persons are repeatedly arrested. The 54,000 arrests may not involve over 20,000 criminals. It is to be regretted that our police reports do not give the number of persons arrested as well as the number of arrests.

Among the occupations involved in the arrests made during the year we find some curious statistics. Forty arrests were made of actors and actresses; two of authors and five of editors. The clerks come in for a goodly number (1336), also the cartmen (1215). There were 3562 arrests of prostitutes. Of butchers there were 462, of blacksmiths 396, of carpenters 591, of expressmen 240, of machinists 462, of seamstresses 592, of tailors 619, and of shoemakers 442. Of the whole number of arrests 23,432 were of married and 31,319 of single persons. Of those who could not read or write there were 16,297.

Among the suggestions made by President **Acton** for the more complete suppression of crime there is one of very great importance, namely, that the police should have a wider range of inspection. He says:

> "The duties of health wardens, street inspection, every form of sanitary inspection, including inspection of weights and measures, and indeed many other duties are in their very nature police duties. The police could, without increase of cost, be charged with the inspection and supervision of places of amusement, houses of entertainment, houses of assignation and prostitution, gambling-houses, lottery or policy offices, and dance-houses. There is a large class of occupations, which from their nature furnish opportunities for practices so injurious to the public welfare when prosecuted by unworthy persons, or in an improper manner, that the law has made their pursuit the subject of licenses from municipal authorities, as for instance, those of keepers of hotels, restaurants, dram shops, theatres, and places of amusement, pawnbrokers, junk-shop keepers, venders, auctioneers, cartmen, hackmen, and omnibus and car drivers. The police must, in all cities, be the arm relied on to shield the public from the wrongs and depredations too apt to be practiced in these several callings."

THE ANGEL'S GIFT.

Out among the sunny meadows
  With the sunshine in her hair,
Bending into sheaves the shadows
  That are falling here and there.
Singing through the dusky valleys,
  Chasing echoes up and down,
Goes the little maiden Lucy,
  With her locks of shadowy brown.

Four sweet summer-times have risen
  From the green lap of the spring,
And the beauty of their garments
  Has been over every thing;
Four times have the autumn meadows
  Been with golden fruitage ripe,
Since the angels left her lying
  'Neath the pearly gate of life.

Down and down the sunny future
  Lies the way that she must tread,
Very fair it is and pleasant,
  With the sunshine overhead;
May the white hands of the angels
  Guide her gently where the light
Reaches to the far-off glory
  That is never dim with night!

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER XL.

THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY.

Had Saxon been suddenly plunged into a cold bath it could scarcely have brought him to his senses more rapidly than did the remembrance of his broken pledge, and the thought of what his lawyer cousin would say to him.

"It isn't as if he hadn't cautioned me, either," said he, half aloud, as he sat himself down, "quite chop-fallen," at the foot of a great oak, in an unfrequented hollow of the park. And then one unpleasant recollection evoked another, and he remembered how William Trefalden had joked with him about fetters of flowers, and made him almost angry by so doing; and how he had boasted of himself as more invulnerable than Achilles. He also remembered that his cousin had especially inquired whether he had not yet been called upon to subscribe to the Italian fund, and had given him much good advice as to what his conduct should be when that emergency might arise. To put his name down for a moderate sum, and commit himself to nothing further—those were William Trefalden's instructions to him; but how had he observed them? How had he observed that other promise of signing no more large checks without consulting his cousin; and what reliance would his cousin place upon his promises in the future?

Saxon groaned in spirit as he thought of these things; and the more he thought of them the more uncomfortable he became.

He did not care in the least about the money, although he had, in truth, been mulcted of an enormous sum; but he cared a great deal about breaking his word, and he saw that it must be broken on the one hand or the other. He also saw on which hand it was to be.

He had given the check to Miss Colonna, and Miss Colonna must have the money; there was clearly no help for that. But then he entertained misgivings as to the check itself, and began to doubt whether he had any thing like balance enough at his banker's to meet it. In this case what was to be done? The money, of course, must be got; but who was to get it, and how was the getting of it to be achieved? Would that mysterious process called "selling out" have to be gone through?

Saxon puzzled his brains over those abstruse financial questions till his head ached, but could make nothing of them. At last he came to the very disagreeable conclusion that William Trefalden was alone capable of solving the difficulty, and must be consulted without delay; but at the same time he did not feel at all sure that his cousin might not flatly refuse to help him in the matter. This was a fearful supposition, and almost drove the young fellow to despair. For Saxon loved the lawyer in his simple, honest way—not so much, perhaps, for any lovable qualities that he might imagine him to possess, as for the mere fact that his cousin was his cousin, and he trusted him. He had also a vague idea that William Trefalden had done a great deal to serve him, and that he owed him a profound debt of gratitude. Any how, he would not offend him for the universe—and yet he was quite resolved that Miss Colonna should have the full benefit of her check.

Thinking thus, he remembered that he had authorized her to double the amount. What if she should take him at his word?

"By Jove, then," said he, addressing a plump rabbit that had been gravely watching him from a convenient distance for some minutes past, "I can't help it if she does! The money's my own, after all, and I have the right to give it away if I choose. Besides, I've given it in the cause of liberty!"

But his heart told him that liberty had played a very unimportant part in the transaction.

CHAPTER XLI.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

In the mean while a general council was being held in the octagon turret. The councilors were Signor Colonna, Lord Castletowers, and Major Vaughan, and the subjects under discussion were Baldiscrotti's dispatch and Saxon Trefalden's check.

The dispatch was undoubtedly an important one, and contained more stirring news than any which had transpired from Italy since the Napoleonic campaign; but that other document, with its startling array of numerals, was certainly not less momentous. In Major Vaughan's opinion it was the more momentous of the two; and yet his brow darkened over it, and it seemed to the two others that he was not altogether so well pleased as he might have been.

Castletowers was genuinely delighted, and as much surprised as delighted.

"It is a noble gift," said he. "I had not dreamed that Trefalden was so stanch a friend to the cause."

"I was not aware that Mr. Trefalden had hitherto interested himself about Italy in any way," observed Major Vaughan, coldly.

"Well, he has interested himself now to some purpose. Besides, he has but just come into his fortune."

Signor Colonna smoothed the check as it lay before him on the desk, filled in the date, crossed it, and inserted his own name as that of the person to whom it was payable.

"I wonder what I had better do with it," said he, thoughtfully.

"With what?" asked the Earl.

Colonna pointed to the check with the feather end of his pen.

"Why, cash it, of course, and send the money off without delay."

The Italian smiled and shook his head. He was a better man of business than his host, and he foresaw some of those very difficulties which were the cause of so much perplexity to Saxon himself.

"It is not always easy to cash large sums," said he. "I must speak to Mr. Trefalden before I do any thing with his check. Is he in the house?"

To which the Earl replied that he would see; and left the room.

After he was gone Vaughan and Colonna went back to the dispatch and discussed the position of affairs in Sicily. Thence they passed on to the question of supplies, and consulted about the best means of bestowing Saxon's donation. At last they agreed that the larger share should be sent out in money, and the rest expended on munitions of war.

"It's a heavy sum," said the dragoon. "If you want a messenger to take it over I am at your service."

"Thanks. Can you go the day after to-morrow?"

"To-night, if you like. My time is all my own just now. By-the-way, who is Mr. Trefalden's banker?"

He put out his hand for the check as he said this, and Colonna could not do otherwise than pass it to him. After examining it for some moments in silence he gave it back, and said:

"Are those his figures, Signor Colonna? I see they are not yours."

To which the Italian replied very composedly, "No, they are Olimpia's."

Major Vaughan rose, and walked over to the window.

"I shall ask Bertaldi to give me something to do, when I am out there," he said, after a brief pause. "I have had no fighting since I came back from India, and I am tired to death of this do-nothing life."

"Bertaldi will be only too glad," replied Colonna. "One experienced officer is worth more to us now than a squadron of recruits."

The dragoon sighed impatiently, and pulled at the ends of his mustache. It was a habit he had when he was ill at ease.

"I'm sorry for Castletowers," he said, presently. "He'd give his right hand to go over with me and have a shot at the Neapolitans."

"I know he would; but it can not be—it must not be. I would not countenance his going for the world," replied the Italian, quickly. "It would break his mother's heart."

"It never entered into the sphere of my calculations that Lady Castletowers had a heart," said Major Vaughan. "But you have enjoyed the advantage of her acquaintance longer than I have, so I defer to your better judgment."

At this moment the door opened, and the Earl came in alone.

"I can't find Trefalden any where," said he. "I have looked for him all over the house, in the stables, and all through the gardens. He was last seen on the terrace, talking to Miss Colonna, and nobody knows what has become of him since."

"He's somewhere in the park, of course," said Colonna.

"I don't think so. I met my mother as I came in. She has been wandering about the park all the morning, and has not seen him."

"If I were you, Castletowers, I'd have the Slane dragged," said Major Vaughan, with a short, hard laugh. "He has repented of that check, and drowned himself in a paroxysm of despair."

"What nonsense!" said Colonna, almost angrily; but he thought it odd for all that, and so did the Earl.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE MAUSOLEUM.

There was a very curious object in Castletowers park, the shape of which was like a watchman's lantern, and the material blue granite. It stood on a little eminence in a retired corner of the domain, was approached by a double row of dwarf cypresses, about three feet and a half in height, and enshrined the last mortal remains of a favorite hunter belonging to the late Earl. It was called "the mausoleum."

A more hopelessly ugly edifice it would be difficult to conceive; but the late Earl had intended it to be a model of elegant simplicity, and had wasted some hundreds upon it. Being abroad when his old horse died, he scrawled a rough outline of the Temple of Vesta on a sheet of foreign note-paper, and sent it up to his steward, with instructions to hand it over for execution to a Guildford stone-mason. But the Earl was no draughtsman, and the stone-mason, who had never heard of the Temple of Vesta in his life, was no genius; and thus it happened that the park at Castletowers came to be disfigured by an architectural phenomenon compared with which the toll-houses on Waterloo Bridge were chaste and classic structures. The Earl, however, died at Naples, in happy ignorance of the deed that had been done, and his successor had not thought it worth while to pull the building down.

When Saxon rose from his seat under the great oak, it was yet so early that he was tempted to prolong his walk. So he went rambling on among the ferns, watching the rabbits, and thinking of Miss Colonna, till he found himself, quite suddenly, at the foot of the little eminence on which the mausoleum was built.

It so happened that, although he had been more than ten days at Castletowers, he had never before strayed into this particular corner of the park. The phenomenon was consequently a novelty in his eyes, and he walked round it wonderingly, contemplating its ugliness from every side. He then went up and tried the door, which was painted to look like green bronze, and studded all over with great sexagonal bosses. It swung back, however, quite easily, and Saxon walked in.

The place was so dark, and the day outside was so brilliant, that for the first few moments he could see nothing distinctly. At length a dumpy pillar on a massive square base came into view in the centre of the building, and Saxon saw by the inscription carved upon it (in very indifferent Latin) that the object of all this costly deformity was a horse. And then he sat down on the base of the column, and contemplated the mausoleum from within.

It was, if possible, uglier inside than outside; that is to say, the resemblance to a lantern was more perfect. The dumpy column looked exactly like a gigantic candle, and the very walls were paneled in granite in a way that suggested glass to the least imaginative observer. Had the stone-mason possessed but a single grain of original genius, he would have added a fine bold handle in solid granite to the outside, and made the thing complete.

While Saxon was thinking thus, and lazily criticising the late Earl's Latin, he suddenly became aware of a lady coming slowly up between the cypresses.

He thought at first that the lady was Miss Colonna, and was on the point of stepping out to meet her; but in almost the same instant he saw that she was a stranger. She was looking down as she walked, with her face so bowed that he could not see her features distinctly; but her figure was more girlish than Miss Colonna's, and her step more timid and hesitating. She seemed almost as if she were counting the daisies in the grass as she came along.

Saxon scarcely knew what to do. He had risen from his seat, and now stood a little way back in the deep shadow of the mausoleum. While he was yet hesitating whether to come forward or remain where he was, the young lady paused and looked round, as if expecting some one.

She had no sooner lifted up her face than Saxon remembered to have seen it before. He could not for his life tell when or where; but he was as confident of the fact as if every circumstance connected with it were fresh in his memory.

She was very fair of complexion, with soft brown hair, and large childlike brown eyes—eyes with just that sort of startled, pathetic expression about them which one sees in the eyes of a caged chamois. Saxon remembered even that look in them—remembered how that image of the caged chamois had presented itself to him when he saw them first—and then, all at once, there flashed upon him the picture of a railway station, an empty train, and a group of three persons standing beside the open door of a second-class carriage.

Yes; he recollected all about it now, even to the amount he had paid for her fare, and the fact that the lost ticket had been taken from Sedgebrook Station. Involuntarily he drew back still further into the gloom of the mausoleum. He would not have shown himself, or have put himself in the way of being thanked, or paid, for the world.

Then she sighed, as if she were weary or disappointed, and came a few steps nearer; and as she continued to advance Saxon continued to retreat, till she was nearly at the door of the mausoleum, and he had got quite round behind the pillar. It was like a scene upon a stage; only that in this instance the actors were improvising their parts, and there were no spectators to see them.

Just as he was speculating upon what he should do if she came in, and asking himself whether it would not be better, even now, to walk boldly out and risk the chances of recognition, the young lady decided the question for him by sitting down on the threshold of the building.

Saxon was out of his perplexity now. He was a prisoner, it was true; but his time was all his own, and he could afford to waste it in peeping from behind a pillar at the back of a young lady's bonnet. Besides, there was an air of adventure about the proceeding that was quite delightful, as far as it went.

So he kept very quiet, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of alarming her, and amused himself by conjecturing what imaginable business could bring Miss Rivière of Camberwell to this particular corner of Castletowers park. Was it possible, for instance, that the Earl had been insane enough to have the phenomenon photographed, and was she about to color the photograph on the spot? The idea was too monstrous to be entertained for a moment! And then the young lady sighed again—such a deep-drawn, tremulous, melancholy sigh, that Saxon's heart ached to hear it.

It was no sigh of mere fatigue. Unlearned as he was in man and womankind, he knew at once that such a sigh could only come from a heart heavily laden. And so he fell to wondering what her trouble could be, and whether he could help, in any anonymous way, to lighten it for her. What if he sent her a hundred-pound note in a blank envelope? She looked poor, and even if—

But at this point his meditations were broken in upon. A shadow darkened the doorway; Miss Rivière rose from her seat upon the threshold; and Lady Castletowers stood suddenly before Saxon's astonished eyes.

CHAPTER XLIII.

WHAT SAXON HEARD IN THE MAUSOLEUM.

Lady Castletowers was the first to speak; and her voice, when she spoke, was measured and haughty.

"You have requested to see me again, Miss Rivière," she said.

"I have been compelled to do so," was the almost inaudible reply.

"And I have come here at your request."

Lady Castletowers paused, as if for some acknowledgment of her condescension in having done so; but no acknowledgment came.

"I must, however, beg you to understand quite distinctly that it is for the last time," she said, presently. "It is impossible that I should hold any future communication with you otherwise than by letter, and then only at stated periods, as heretofore."

The young lady murmured something of which Saxon could not distinguish a syllable.

"Then you will oblige me by saying it at once, and as briefly as possible," replied Lady Castletowers.

Saxon felt very uncomfortable. He knew that he ought not to be there. He knew this to be a strictly private conversation, and was quite aware that he ought not to overhear it; and yet what was he to do? He could still walk out, it was true, and explain his involuntary imprisonment; but he had an instinctive feeling that Lady Castletowers would not have come to meet Miss Rivière in the park if she had not wished to keep the meeting secret, and that his presence there, however well he might apologize for it, would cause her ladyship a very disagreeable surprise. Or he might stop his ears, and so be, virtually, as far away as in his London chambers; but then he felt certain that this young girl whom he had assisted once before was now in some great trouble, and he longed to know what that trouble was that he might assist her again. So, as these thoughts flashed through his mind, Saxon concluded to stay where he was, and not to stop his ears—at least for the present.

Lady Castletowers had requested Miss Rivière to state her business at once, and also to state it briefly; but it seemed as if the task were strangely difficult, for the girl still hesitated.

At length she said, with a kind of sob:

"Lady Castletowers, my mother is very ill."

And then Saxon could see that she was weeping.

"Do you mean that your mother is dying?" asked the Countess, coldly.

"No; but that she must die if the necessary means are not taken to save her."

"What do you mean by the necessary means?"

"Doctor Fisher says that she must go to some place on the Italian coast—to Nice, or Mentone," replied the girl, making a great effort to steady her voice, and keep her tears from falling. "He thinks she may live there for years, with care and proper treatment; but—"

"Why not here, with care and proper treatment?" said Lady Castletowers.

"He says this variable climate is killing her—that she is dying day by day, as long as she remains in it."

"It is her native climate," said Lady Castletowers.

"Yes—but she was so young when she left it; and she has lived so many, many years of her life abroad."

"Well?"

The girl lifted up her face, all pale and tearful as it was, and looked at her—just looked at her—but said never a word. It was not an indignant look—nor an imploring look—nor even a reproachful look; but it was, at all events, a look that Lady Castletowers seemed to understand, for she replied to it, and the reply, though spoken as haughtily as ever, had in it something of the nature of an apology.

"You are aware," she said, "that your mother's annuity is paid out of my own private means, and without my son's knowledge. And my private means are very small. So small that I find it difficult to meet even this obligation, inconsiderable as it is."

"But you will not let her die, Lady Castletowers! You can not—you will not let her die!"

And the young girl wrung her hands together, in the passionate earnestness of her appeal.

Lady Castletowers looked down, and seemed as if she were tracing patterns on the turf with the end of her parasol.

"What sum did you require?" she said, slowly.

"Doctor Fisher said about thirty pounds—"

"Impossible. I will try to give you twenty pounds for this purpose—in fact, I will promise you twenty pounds; but I can not do more."

Miss Rivière was about to speak; but the Countess slightly raised her hand, and checked the words upon her lips.

"The annuity," she said, "shall be paid, as usual, into the hands of whatever foreign banker you may indicate; but I beg you both to understand that I must be troubled with no more applications of this kind."

The girl's cheek glowed with sudden indignation.

"You will be troubled with none, madam," she said. "Had there been any other person in the world to whom I could have applied for aid, I should not have claimed your assistance now."

Her eye dilated, and her lip trembled, and she said it firmly and proudly—as proudly as Lady Castletowers herself might have done. But the Countess passed her as if she had not spoken, and swept down the little avenue of cypresses, without taking any further notice of her presence.

Miss Rivière continued to stand in the same proud attitude till the last gleam of her ladyship's silken skirts had disappeared among the trees. And then her strength suddenly gave way, and she sat down again upon the gloomy threshold, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking.

THE HEART'S MELODIES.

Listen, listen, full is ever
This wide world with music true;
Naught can still it, mar it, never—
Naught that hate or wrong may do.

Deep affection's faith may falter,
And the loved ne'er love again;
Prayer, beside a ruined altar,
To false Gods be breathed in vain.

Gentle, humble, all who tremble
While fierce passions round them jar,
Shall hear whispers that resemble
Angel voices from afar.

None so weary, none so lonely,
But some heart responsive gives
Beat for beat, and love need only
Touch the chord, and music lives!

Though the world with darkness blendeth,
Though the wood be hushed and drear,
Though the lone flower trembling bendeth,
As the cold wind moaneth near,

Morn shall come—again from blindness
All to life and glory start;
So, like light, one touch of kindness
Wakes the music of the heart!

INTERESTING ITEMS.

The Maids of Merry England.—Mr. Ruskin, who is allowed to be a judge of such matters, says that the present style of female dress is the most graceful and artistic ever worn. I quite agree with him, and I think it has had almost a magical effect in bringing out and setting off the beauty of the maids of merry England. There are no plain girls nowadays. Positive ugliness is altogether banished from the land. All the girls are pretty. Walking in the streets, or driving in the park, or sitting in a box at the opera, one is kept in a state of continual admiration by the numbers of pretty girls that meet the eye on every hand. All this female beauty has of course existed at any time; but I venture to think that it is only lately that it has been shown off to the fullest advantage. In these days of economics and art training we know how to make the most and the best of things. Mark what a mine of beauty has been discovered in red hair. How many years is it since red hair was contemptuously denominated "carrots?" To be carroty was to be a fright, and an allusion to a carroty girl, in a song or play, was sure to raise a laugh of derision. But now carrots are the fashion, the rage. The girl with the ruddy locks, instead of plastering her hair down to look like polished slabs of Peterhead granite, combs it out and lets the sun into it, and straightway it is a fleece of gold. Golden locks—that is to say, the ridiculed "carrots" of another period—are now the admiration of all the women. It is no secret, I believe, that many women are in the habit of bleaching their dark hair in order to impart to it a tinge of the fashionable and admired red. I am informed, too—and I can add my personal testimony to the fact—that red-haired girls who have been on the shelf until they are no longer young, are now going off in the matrimonial market like wild-fire.

Giants.—In the time of Augustus Cæsar there were two persons living in Rome called Idusio and Secundilla, each of whom exceeded ten feet in height. Their bodies, after death, were kept and preserved as miracles of curiosity in a sepulchre within the Sallustian gardens. Pliny names a certain Gabara, who in the days of Claudius was brought out of Arabia; and says he was nine feet nine inches high. The Emperor Maximin, originally a Thracian peasant, measured eight feet and a half. His wife's bracelets served him as rings. His voracity was such that he consumed daily forty pounds of flesh and drank eighteen bottles of wine. His strength was proportionable to his gigantic shape. He could draw a loaded wagon without help, and with a blow of his fist often broke the teeth in a horse's mouth. He also crushed the hardest stones between his fingers, and cleft trees with his hands. Pliny and Valerius Maximus speak of Polydamas, a celebrated athlete, son of Nicias, who exceeded all men of his day in stature and strength; he aped Hercules, not without pretension. In Mount Olympus he killed a lion with a blow of his fist, being unprovided with any other arms. He could stop a chariot with his hand in its most rapid course. Once he singled out the largest and fiercest bull from a whole herd, took hold of him by one of his hinder feet, and notwithstanding his struggles to escape, grasped him with such strength that the hoof remained in his hand.

The Amende Honorable.—The Jockey Club (says *Galignani's Messenger*) has just lost one of its most amiable members, M. Alexandre Bouchet. The following anecdote is related of him: "Perceiving one day, after a heavy fall of rain, a very well-dressed young woman standing at the edge of the side pavement of the Boulevard, and evidently much perplexed as to the best method of traversing the sea of mud before her, he gallantly advanced, took her up in his arms, and carried her across dry shod. The lady made no objection to the mode of transit, but, on being set down, expressed her gratitude as follows, 'Sir, you are an insolent fellow!' Thereupon, M. Bouchet immediately repaired the wrong by again transporting her, with the same precautions, to the very spot where he had first met her, and took his leave with a profound salutation."

Latitude and Longitude of Sunday.—Between the 54th and 59th degree of north latitude—that is to say, between John o' Groat's House and the boundary line which divides England from Scotland—it is considered contrary to good morals and religion to play musical instruments on Sunday, or to sing any songs but sacred ones. Within these parallels of latitude whistling on Sunday is downright impiety. Get into a train bound for the south, and in two hours' time you will have left the whistling parallel behind you. You may whistle now on Sunday; you may sing what songs you please; you may play the fiddle; nay, you may even dance, and few will challenge your pleasure. It is but a twelve-hours' journey from Edinburgh to London. At six o'clock in the morning you are whistling over your breakfast in Princes Street, and the Scotch lassie in attendance is horrified. At six o'clock in the evening you are listening to the band in Regent's Park; and thousands of English lasses are there, dressed in all their best, promenading up and down to the time. If you were to bring the Scotch lassie up and show her this scene—horns blowing, drums beating, and 10,000 couples sweet-hearting under the trees—she would draw in her breath and exclaim, "Eh, gude be here! Did ever ony body see the like—playing polkas on Sunday? I wonder whaur they expect to gang to!" But now, in turn, take one of these English lasses over with you to Paris; move her from where the longitude is 0 to the 6th parallel east, and she will be as much shocked to see the Parisians going to the theatre on Sunday evening as the Scotch lassie was to see the Londoners promenading in Regent's Park and listening to polkas. A few degrees of latitude make a difference one way; a few degrees of longitude make a difference another. Go north, and you mustn't whistle; come south, and you may play the fiddle; move sideways, a little toward the east, and you may whistle, play the fiddle, and go to the play. Which parallel rules the right morality in this matter I will not pretend to decide.

A Good Character.—A good character is to a young man what a firm foundation is to the artist who proposes to erect a building on it; he can well build with safety, and all who behold it will have confidence in its solidity—a helping hand will never be wanted; but let a single part of this be defective and you go on a hazard, amidst doubting and distrust, and ten to one it will tumble down at last, and mingle all that was built on it in ruin. Without a good character poverty is a curse; with it, scarcely an evil. Happiness can not exist where good character is not. All that is bright in the hope of youth, all that is calm and blissful in the sober scenes of life, all that is soothing in the vale of years, centres in and is derived from a good character. Therefore acquire this as the first and most valuable good.

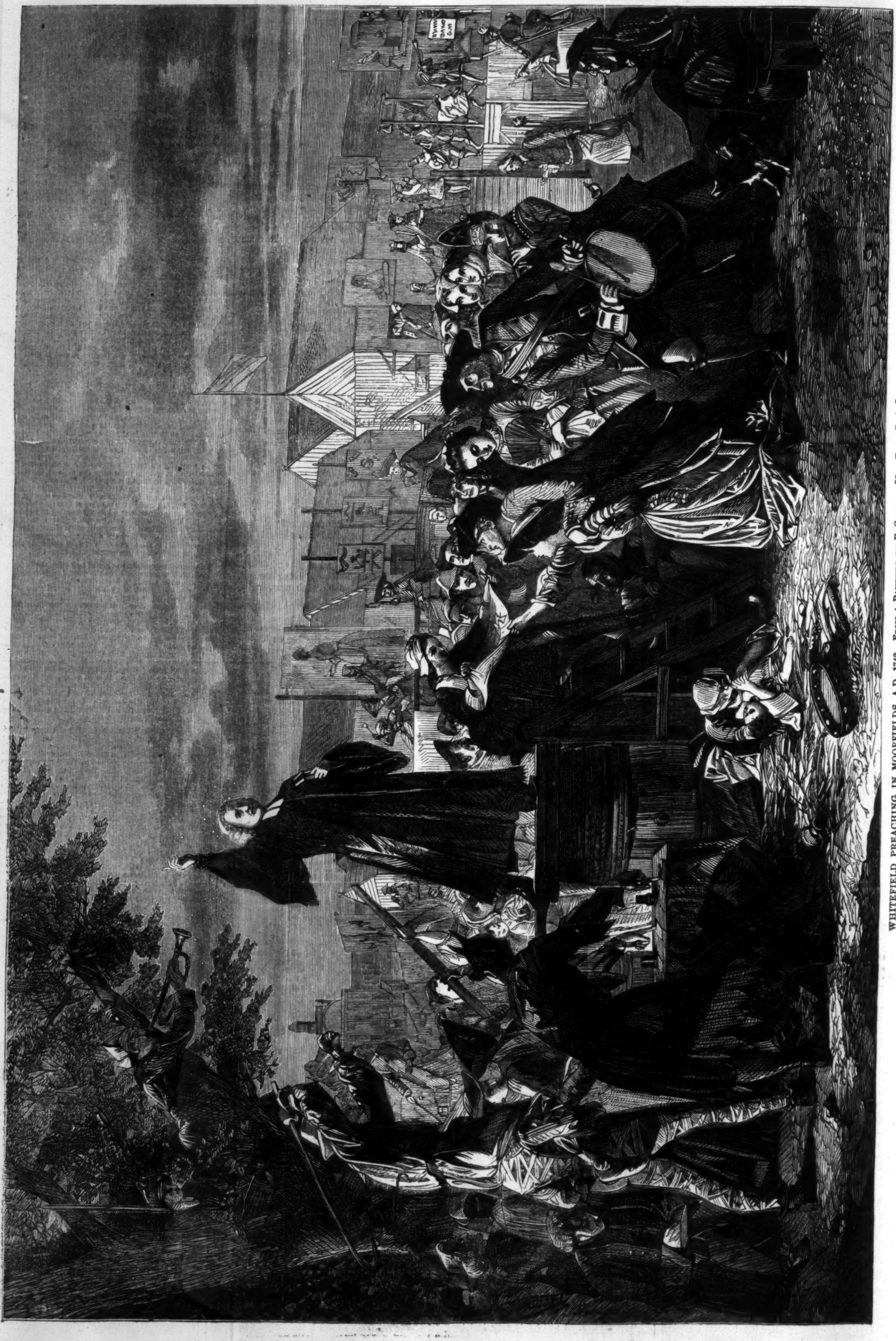
The Swedes are a gay race. Balls, soirées, and card-playing enliven the long winter. The people are fond of music, and sing well. One of the bores to which a stranger has to submit is that of taking off his hat when he enters a shop or public house, and keeping it off as long as he stays. In the streets you lift your hat to every acquaintance, so that it is almost as much off the head as on. Cleanliness is a virtue much cultivated, and the uncarpeted floors are as clean as a man-of-war's deck. As mats and scrapers are rare, goloshes are worn by visitors, which they slip off before entering the room, in wet or snowy weather, lest the thaw from the nails on the shoes should leave its mark in little pools on the floor. Touching the Sabbath (for so we must call it), the Swedes reckon it to begin at six P.M. on Saturday, and end at six P.M. on Sunday; but, in practice, the evening of Saturday is quite as secular as the morning; while the evening of Sunday is the fashionable time for ball, concert, and theatre. The people are hard drinkers; the consumption of native brandy being about two gallons and a half for every man, woman, and child in the country. Yet they are rarely seen drunk, for the laws against drunkenness are severe.

The raven possesses the power of imitating the human voice, and, if not so voluble as the parrot, enunciates his sentences with tenfold the gravity of Poll. A raven's corpse was once followed by a greater crowd than ever escorted the funeral of any one of Rome's distinguished sons. This honored bird was born on the top of the Temple of Castor, but took up his abode in a shoemaker's shop opposite. Crispin took great pains in educating his black lodger, and his pains were well bestowed. Every morning the raven used to fly to the Rostra, and salute in turn Tiberius and his nephews, and having thus testified his loyalty amused himself with exchanging greetings with the populace. For several years the bird continued to delight the idlers of Rome, until a jealous brother of his landlord's craft killed him in a fit of anger. The mob rose as one man, drove the murderer out of the city, and then executed him. The body of the popular bird was then placed on a litter and borne to the pile amidst the laments of Rome, and his ashes deposited in a field on the right-hand side of the Appian Way.

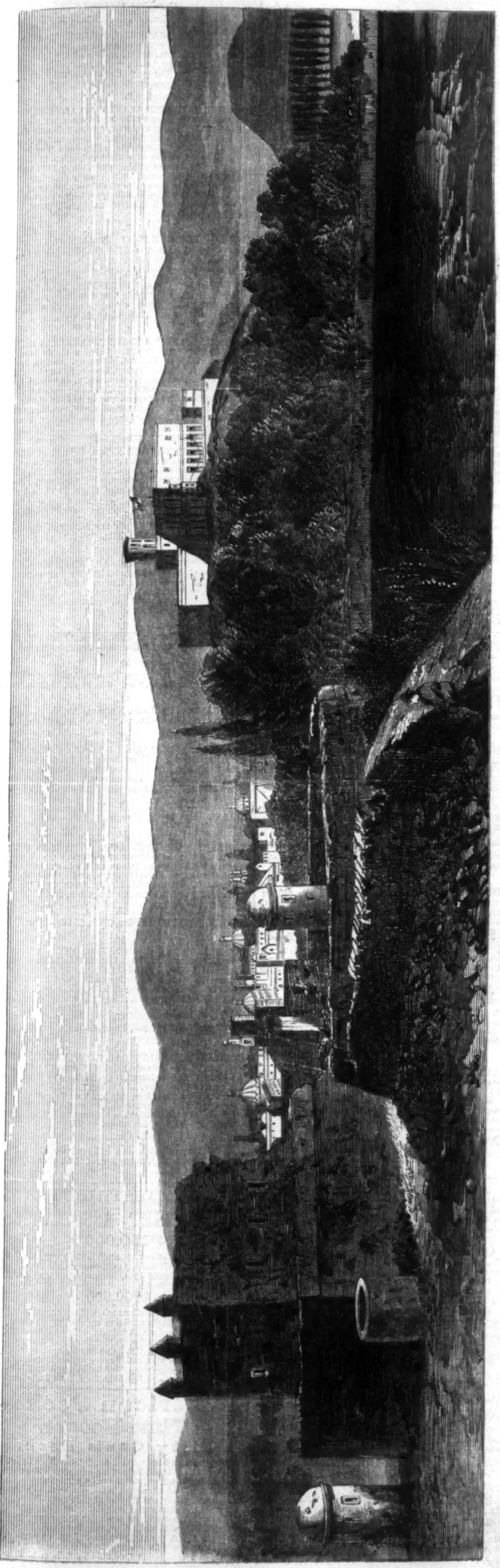
Curious Nests of Mice.—A number of empty bottles had been stowed away upon a shelf, and among them was found one which was tenanted by a mouse. The little creature had considered that the bottle would afford a suitable home for her young, and had therefore conveyed into it a quantity of bedding, which she had made into a nest. The bottle was filled with the nest, and the eccentric architect had taken the precaution to leave a round hole corresponding to the neck of the bottle. In this remarkable domicile the young were placed; and it is a fact worthy of notice that no attempt had been made to shut out the light. The rapidity with which the mouse can make a nest is somewhat surprising. One of the Cambridge journals mentioned, some few years ago, that in a farmer's house a loaf of newly-baked bread was placed upon a shelf according to custom. Next day a hole was observed in the loaf; and when it was cut open a mouse and her nest were discovered within, the latter having been made of paper. On examination the material of the habitation was found to have been obtained from a copy-book, which had been torn into shreds and arranged into the form of a nest. Within this curious home were nine young mice, pink, transparent, and newly born. Thus, in the space of thirty-eight hours at the most, the loaf must have cooled, the interior been excavated, the copy-book found and cut into suitable pieces, the nest made, and the young brought into the world. Surely it is no wonder that mice are so plentiful, or that their many enemies fail to exterminate them.

Poisoners.—The notorious Tofana confessed to the murder of more than 400 by poison administered by herself directly. La Spara and Bruilliers were destructive hardly in a minor degree. But the number of victims who succumbed to the immediate operations of these female monsters were but of small account, after all, in the grand aggregate of those who withered, stricken by poisons supplied and given at second hand. There was a time when a married Italian lady's dressing-case was hardly complete without a small vial of aqua Tofana. What the fair ones did with it many a murdered husband or faithless lover, if brought to life, could tell. Poisoning has ever been the favored scheme of woman's murder practice, and for some obvious reason. It needs no strength of hand, no unwavering presence of mind, face to face with your victim; it makes no noise, spills no blood, is quiet, undemonstrative; and, as far as murder can be, is elegant.

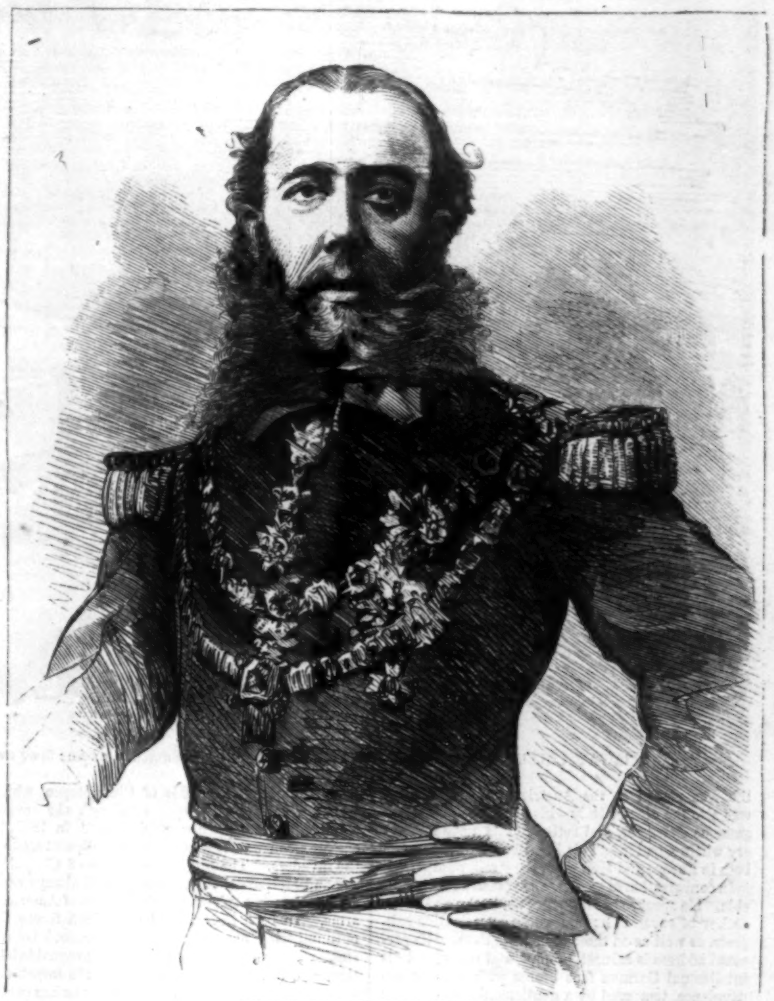
Conversation.—The power of conversation consists in the habit of not thinking of what is in your own mind, of not groping and ferreting about in the dull dank vacuities of your own soul for any notions which chance to be found straying there. He alone can converse with any effect who cares only to see that which hovers before the mental eye of his opponent. Conversation is incompatible with vanity. It is also the best cure for vanity. For the only way to get rid of self-love is not to think of one's self, but to contemplate what is external to one's self. Enter into the minds of others, and you will gradually get out of yourself. The secret of light conversation is to speak of that only in which your partner is interested; to twist about the thought in his mind. To say that which is already known is rude. Such conduct will be resented. You will be branded as dull and insipid. It is not rude, on the other hand, to remain silent. Paradoxes are good; because they are not commonplace generalities. Never descend to commonplace, but force persons out of their ordinary grooves. If any man is talking of a high subject, and you let slip a commonplace, he will not say another word to you. A look, without a word, is sufficient to show that you have entered into his meaning. But if you say what does not require to be said, it proves that you have not been following him. In sum, the whole art of conversation consists in not traveling out of your partner's thought, but in receiving and applying it; and he alone naturally converses well who has got rid of vanity and self-love.



WHITEFIELD PREACHING IN MOORFIELDS, A.D. 1742.—From a Painting by E. Crowe.—[See First Page.]



THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN'S PALACE AT CHAPULTEPEC.

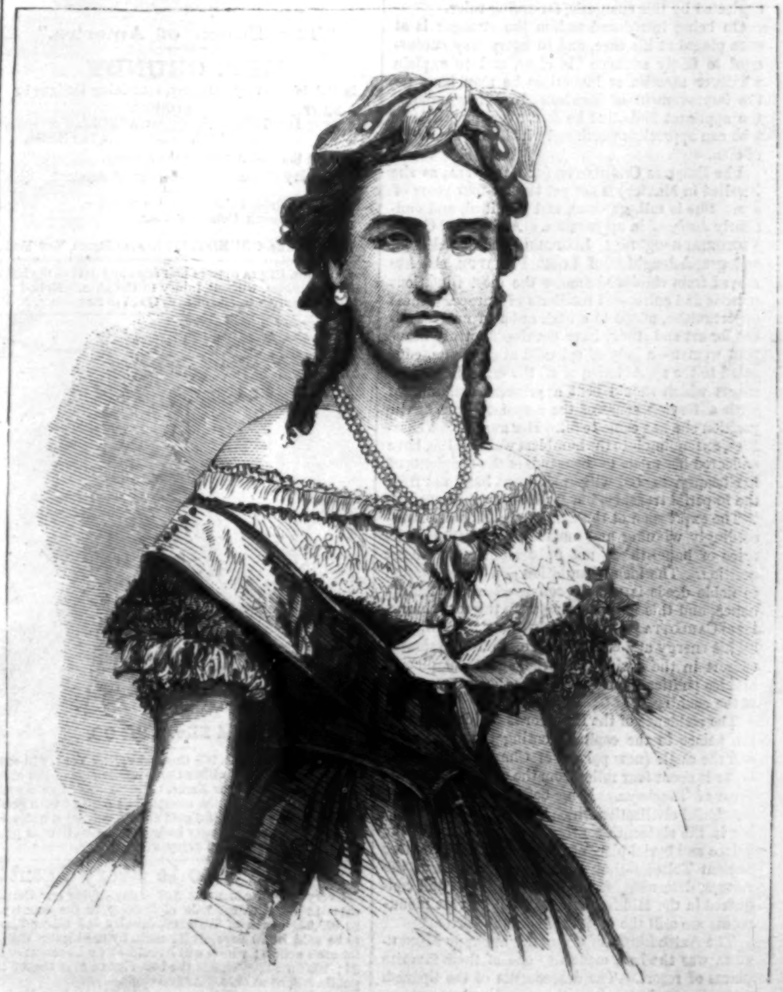


MAXIMILIAN, EMPEROR OF MEXICO.

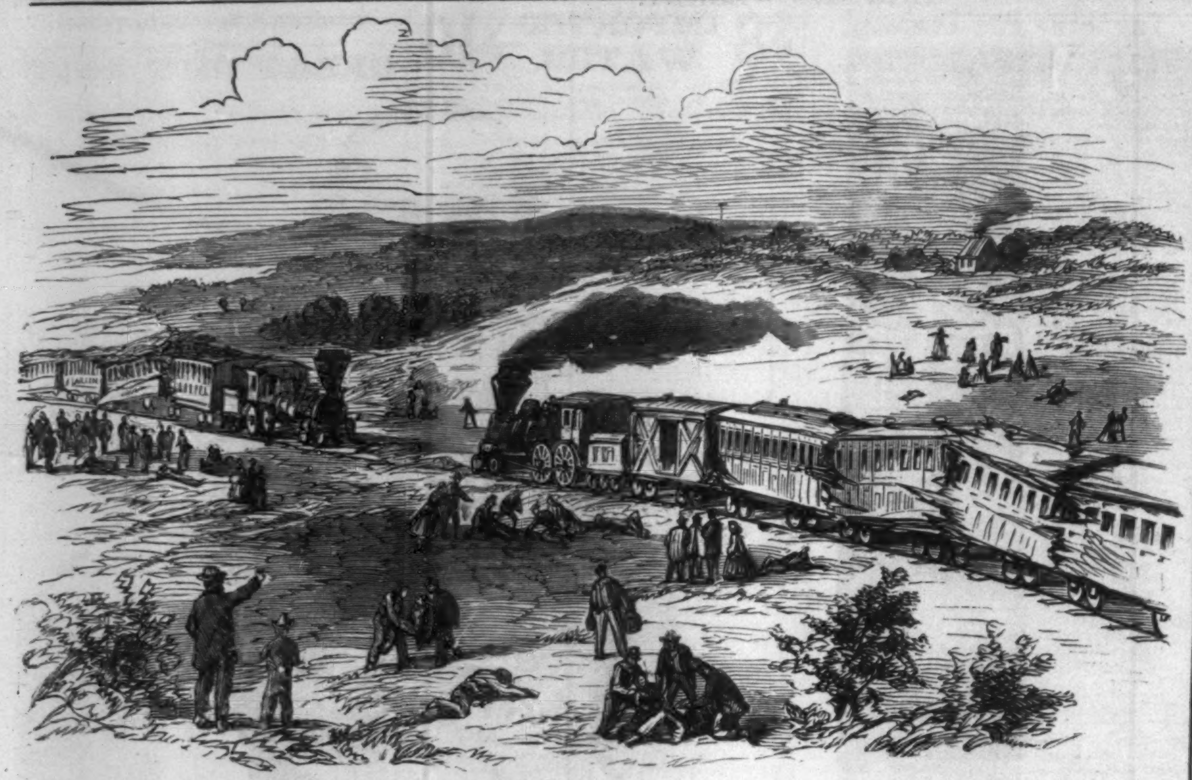
MAXIMILIAN AND CARLOTTA.

FEW persons in the political world occupy a more conspicuous place than the Emperor MAXIMILIAN, who has now reigned a year and a half in the "Halls of the Montezumas." The illustrations accompanying this sketch have recently arrived from Mexico. The Emperor is represented in his full imperial array, and sat for the picture only a few weeks since at the palace.

A brother of FRANCIS JOSEPH of Austria, and for some time Governor of the Lombardo Venete under the Austrian sway, the young prince has had no little experience as a ruler, and enters his new sphere in Mexico with a thorough knowledge of men, and with the reputation in Europe for abilities which his career thus far (however much it conflicts with the traditional policy of the Great Republic) seems amply to have warranted. MAXIMILIAN is thirty-four years of age, somewhat over six feet in height, large in proportion, and has the air and bearing of a man of great cultivation and intelligence. His manner is characterized by consideration and kindness to all; and with a just appreciation of the requirements of Mexico he surrounds himself with able and experienced advisers. None of his ministers can keep pace with his active industry, which reaches to every part of the Empire, and he seems to be quite equal to the vast amount of labor which his novel position demands. The earlier part of his



THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA.



RAILWAY COLLISION NEAR JAMAICA, L. I., August 28, 1865.—Sketched on the Spot by Michael J. Phelan.—[See News Column.]

life was passed in the Austrian navy, where—as was also the case in Italy—his pleasing address, ingenuous character, and active habits made him every where popular. This has given him the name, both in Europe and Mexico, of the "sailor-emperor."

In conversation Maximilian is remarkably agreeable. He speaks six languages perfectly, and is the author of several German works on scientific subjects, as well as on those of belles-lettres. His personal address is earnest, prompt, and ready, and his intellectual German face beams with genuine benevolence, tempered by a gentlemanly dignity and the highest type of culture, intelligence, and humanity. These qualities have been construed even by his friends into a want of due severity and firmness; but the criticism can not stand in view of his remarkable position with the Church party in Mexico, his resolute confronting of the Pope, he himself being a devout Catholic, and the singular wisdom with which, in cases requiring great judgment, he has from the first mingled determination with forbearance. He fully understands that Mexico requires the infusion of a new blood into her listless, apathetic population, and for that reason he encourages the immigration of foreigners, whether from Europe or America, to throw open the resources of the superb country he is trying to regenerate. He wants about him men of nerve, activity, and ideas; and no one going to Mexico with plans for the development of its resources need fear being neglected by this energetic, far-seeing ruler.

On being introduced to him the stranger is at once placed at his ease, and in every way encouraged to freely advance his ideas, and to explain whatever theories or inventions he may have for the improvement of Mexico. In a few minutes the applicant finds that he is conversing with one who can appreciate worth and who knows the value of men.

The Empress Charlotte (or Carlotta, as she is called in Mexico) is not yet twenty-four years of age. She is tall, graceful, and dignified, and eminently *distingué* in appearance. A cousin of Queen Victoria, daughter of Leopold King of Belgium, and grand-daughter of Louis Philippe, she has moved from childhood among the most illustrious persons and cultivated intellects of Europe. These opportunities, added to a high order of natural talent for art and study, have developed a truly beautiful woman—a lady of splendid attainments, educated to the appreciation of all the ennobling sentiments which should befit a princess, and imbued with a fervent sense of the responsibilities of the position she has come to fill. Her numberless charities, extending into the humblest walks of life, have endeared her name to thousands of the recipients of her bounty, poured with munificent hand not from the imperial treasury, but from her own resources.

The expression of the face of the Empress is exceedingly winning and amiable, but with a slight trace of haughtiness not unbecoming her august position. The idea of ambition and the aspiration to noble deeds is plainly conveyed in the countenance, and this is in keeping with the real character of Carlotta; for not Maximilian himself, with all his energy and enthusiasm, exceeds his talented consort in the desire to be the agents of placing Mexico politically on a level with the vast resources of the country.

The residence of the Emperor is divided between the palace in the capital fronting the great plaza and the castle (now palace) of Chapultepec. This latter is about four miles from the city, and near the town of Tacubaya. Long before the era of that wonderful civilization which Cortez found flourishing in the sixteenth century, Chapultepec was the palace and burial-place of the kings of the still more ancient Toltecs—that mysterious race whom the Aztecs, descending from the north, found and conquered in the Middle Ages, and whose vast monuments are still the marvel of the traveler.

The Aztec kings, of whom the unhappy Montezuma was the last, made this one of their favorite places of resort. The descendants of the Spanish conquerors, destroying these Indian structures, erected the present castle of Chapultepec, which served a variety of purposes through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, until, in 1847, in our Mexican war, it was made a stand-point against the invaders. The glorious victories of Chapultepec and Molino del Rey, near by, will always rank among the most splendid achievements of American arms. In both instances the Mexican forces, far outnumbering ours, were safely ensconced behind stone-walls, and within apparently impregnable battlements, but they could not resist the impetuous onset of the Anglo-Saxon. Maximilian has greatly improved and beautified Chapultepec, where a large number of workmen, gardeners, and builders are constantly employed.

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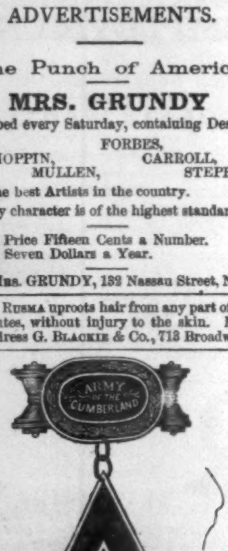

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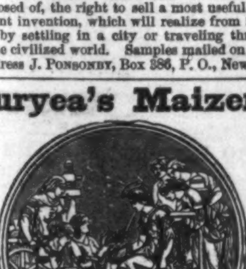

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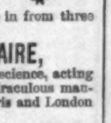

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